

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. IV. No. 3.

WILLIAM BOOTH.
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

JULY 9, 1898.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH.] Price 5 Cents.
Commissioner.

Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.



THE GENERAL, Our International Leader.
COMMANDER AND CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER, Leaders of Our American Forces.

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syrian Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—God, . . . when we were dead in our sins, quickened us with the Messiah, and rescued us by His grace.—Eph. ii. 5.

Monday.—And sanctified us with Him, and seated us with Him in heaven, in Jesus the Messiah.—Eph. ii. 6.

Tuesday.—In prayer be watchful.—Eph. vi. 18.

Wednesday.—I run (in the race) if so I may take that, for which Jesus the Messiah took me.—Phil. iii. 12.

Thursday.—I forget the things behind me and reach for the things before me; and I run straight for the goal.—Phil. iii. 13-14.

Friday.—Let your humility be recognized among all men.—Phil. iv. 5.

Saturday.—May God supply all your needs, according to His riches, in the glory of Jesus the Messiah.—Phil. iv. 8.

PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

Selections from Leading Preachers and Authors.

By ENSIGN H. E. KENDALL.

SPEAK the second time, "Be clean. Take away my inbred sin. Every stumbling-block remove. Cast it out by perfect love."

The seed of sin's disease
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

—C. Wesley.

A hearty desire for purity is the brightest gem that sparkles in real justification. It is genuine, this desire is always attached to it—as weight to lead, as heat to fire, as fragrance to the rose, as greenness of the healthy leaf, inseparable.—Caughey.

What is purity of heart? It is a simple unimpaired state of the affection. It is repentance, obedience, faith, without unbelief, love without malice, meekness without anger, humility without pride, charity without selfishness, spiritual-mindedness without carnalities or sensuality.—Bishop Hamilton.

It is the loving God with all our heart, mind, soul and strength. This implies that no wrong temptation, no evil influence remains in the soul, and that all the thoughts, words and actions are governed by pure love. It is nothing higher and nobler than this—the pure love of God and man. It is love governing the heart and life, running through all our tempers, words and actions.—J. Wesley.

Rev. Wm. Bramwell writes as follows to a young preacher, "Live in it, talk about it, preach it, and enforce it with all patience, with all kindness, and if you do this, hell, fire, and numbers among the Methodists, your leaders, if not preachers, (yes, perhaps Salvationists—H. C. K.) in some awful way, will seek to hinder your success."—Memor.

Rev. William Bramwell writes to Mr. Sigston, "But I am certain the doctrine of sin's crucifixion, upon the doctrine, and if it is not enforced there will follow a declension in our work among the people. Here the glory is departing and sin will depart. We have to pray that the number of those may be increased who will boldly, as at the first, declare the whole counsel of God."—From his life.

Here is the reason why we have such a host of stillborn, sinewless, pockety, powerless children. They are born of half dead parents, a sort of sentimental religion, which does not take hold of the soul, which has no depth of faith, no grasp, no power in it, and the result is a sickly crew of sentimental converts. Oh, the Lord give us a real, robust, living, hardy Christianity, full of zeal and faith, which shall bring into the kingdom of God lively, well-developed children, full of life and energy, instead

COMMANDER AND CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Personal Reminiscences

By Brigadier Alice Lewis.

It was nearly twelve years ago. As usual I had led the singing in the church of which at that time I was choir director, and had gone to spend the remainder of the day with friends of mine.

"Oh," said my hostess, "we have quite a number of visitors to-day. They are General Booth, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, Colonel Wellesoria and Major Vint of the Salvation Army."

"The Salvation Army," I exclaimed, "whatever is that?" My friend explained as well as she could, with her very limited experience of the movement, and presently the Salvationist guests arrived for dinner.

I saw at once that Commissioner (as he was then called) Booth-Tucker was a man of culture and refinement, and this, contrasting as it did with his rugged and bare feet, arrested my close attention. The concentration of interest in the salvation of souls came out in every bit of conversation and prayer, and in his glimpses at the party during the meals and at night after the meeting. I was deeply interested in and fascinated by such utter devotion to God's definite purpose.

And I was not let alone either, for just as I was going to run upstairs and put on my hat, the Commissioner came out of the library, and looking me up and down kindly and yet searchingly, he gently asked as he touched the jewels on my fingers and wrist, "Are you sanctified?"

The question rang in my ears for days. I said to myself, "At last I have come into touch with a man who literally for sakes all and follows the Christ of Calvary. I will write him my 'soul difficulties,' and see if he can solve them."

Never shall I forget the unwearied patience and thoroughness with which my inner of innermost perplexities were met and daintily tickled until, at last, the letters arrived in a sober and testy one. "Don the Salvation Army uniform and join the Army in your own city," ran this epistle. "Then apply for membership."

"NEVER!" I almost passionately cried in my pride. "If that is the only way to Calvary for me, then I must give up, for such an alternative is impossible!" But the Commissioner had studied the sort of material into which his daring shot had been fired, and finally his advice was taken, and the girl of modern society was hidden beneath the badge of the Sisters of the Slaves. It has been in his directness of dealing, and his unflinching ability to stand up to and test the Commander has ever been an inspiration and blessing. His patience is inexhaustible, his faith in the better possibilities of those with whom he comes into contact is limitless, and yet without, his firmness is unmistakable. His elasticity is remarkable, and he has singularly demonstrated his ability to adapt himself to and develop the native resources of a nation, whether Eastern or Western.

His name has been written throughout the length and breadth of India in letters of the most grateful affection by thousands of appreciative Hindoos, who, through the Commander's instrumentalities, have been elevated to a position of Christ-light and Christ-love, whilst at ready, in the United States, through his labors of love for the poor and destitute, his name is well-nigh a household word.

"Have you seen my daughter Emma yet?" it was asked. "I had not," was the answer. "I was asking me the question. I had not yet joined the Army, and was exploring the work in all its operations."

I had been asked for the purpose of acquainting the General with my final decision to become an officer. But somehow he seemed doubtful as to whether I had

acquired sufficient information—enough to warrant me in taking so important a step, and finally he asked me the above question. I answered in the negative, and the General immediately phoned over to Congress Hall, and had an appointment fixed for me the next day with the International Training Home Mother, Miss Emma Booth.

That scene of twelve years back seems once again clearly before me, as I sat waiting at the Congress Hall sitting-room for Miss Booth. It seemed to me that as the door opened and the tall figure and gentle presence of the Training Home Mother was wafted into the room, the very atmosphere to my face, big and d with a sense of peace and sweetness.

And, as we talked with each other, this impression gained on me. Such sanctified common sense combined with a young womanhood full of life and ability, yet spontaneously consecrated to God, was a revelation, and I felt that it should be given to me to possess such a friendship, how willingly I would resign the older and yet more ordinary friendships of those whom I had previously known. The contact of the last touch added to my growing conviction that the Army was my coming sphere.

And this impression has increased with the acquaintance, such a gift of foresight and unswerving ability at a decision, not so much from a present as a future point of view—such faithfulness and strength of character, such a large-hearted sympathy—these God-given gifts are too well known to need the use of any poor attempts at description.

An illustrative of her faith for others the following incident flashes across my memory. There were sixty of us Salvation Army officers voyaging to India in 1886. We formed the entire lot of passengers, and the Commander and Consul were personally conveying our party to Eastern lands. I was in charge of the ladies. Among these latter was a factory lass, unattractive in looks, and rendered more striking so by a most slovenly appearance. She had some awkward family. It was difficult to know just how she had managed to slip in amongst us, so raw and untrained. True there were some special circumstances about her case, but anyhow, there she was and as she was, so we had to accept her that month at sea. I tried in every possible way to improve her, but finally I lost heart as to any possibilities for betterment. At last I put her whole case before the Consul, and I shall not forget how, after long and careful consideration of the situation, she quietly remarked, "Well, Raft, you must simply go on trying to help her, and remember if you make something out of her, I will add a special star to your crown."

I was quite taken aback, but something in the quiet dignity of the Consul's manner as she uttered those words made me feel it impossible to place further doubts before her, and with new faith I set myself to make that very girl into an enduring and useful member of the Army.

The number of officers who are to-day occupying leading and trusted positions because of the faith the Consul inspired into them for themselves, is most remarkable. I personally know of several. The Consul's splendid impartiality is remarkable. She resolutely declines to be influenced by the prejudices of others, but bless her time and then makes observations for herself. She is thorough in all her work, and she has been the Consul put as much soul, heart and energy into a Bible lesson with the children, as she would have put into an address at a convention. Her faith in the power of salvation, therefore, well matched by her salvation or holiness meeting jointly led to this, is, under God, an inspiring one indeed.

God grant that the united, consecrated gifts of these two unique Army leaders may be lent to the world for many and many a long day.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

SAMUEL'S VISION.

I Sam. iii. 1-21.

The Child's Ministry.

SAMUEL was but a boy, but he had his share in the service of the Lord. The Bible does not tell us the particular duties were—though it might—but the sweeping of the Temple floor, it was done none the less to the glory of God. There is always work for the little fingers to do in the Lord's house.

God's Word Precious.

Those days were not so full of privileges as are ours. The spiritual life which those old saints walked in was dim indeed because our Gospel day. But they evidently prized what light they had, and walked in it. That is what God expects of us all. With our responsibilities we have greater responsibilities. It is the Word of the Lord to us.

God's Ancient Servant.

Ell's dimness of sight was because of his great age. He was an old man, yet he and the child Samuel ministered together before the Lord. No one is either too old or too young to be in God's service.

The Lord's Call.

When all was silent in the Temple and the light of God's dawn, there rang out a voice calling Samuel. It was God's voice, but Samuel did not know that. Very often we have mistaken the voice of God, and only heard the first call from God to be His messengers.

Here Am I.

Samuel was an obedient boy. He did not hesitate because he was comparatively laid down in his little bed, or cry, or some would have done, without answering to "What? I said I was here," but at once ran to Eli to see what was needed. The Lord knew that the lad who promptly obeyed, his earthly guardians would praise. His faithful prophet when he grew up.

The Lord Calls Four Times.

Although Samuel did not at first understand that it was God Himself calling, the Lord was very patient and repeated the call three times more. It was God's voice, but Samuel did not know that. Very often we have mistaken the voice of God, and only heard the first call from God to be His messengers.

God's Message.

It is no pleasant news that God has to tell Samuel. This was Samuel's first vision, but he had many more, for God raised him up to be a great prophet, to whom He revealed many of His dealings with men. The reason was because the Lord thought that the boy's lips would tell the terrible truth especially tenderly to the old man upon whom He had placed so much of the burden of fall that He told Samuel the sad news.

Why Eli Was Punished.

All the destruction and sorrow was to come upon Eli's house because when his sons did wrong he did not punish them. What a lesson for children to remember when their fathers were to be reproved by their parents! God will punish those fathers and mothers who do not kindly but firmly reprove the children of wrong, and if need be punish them.

Telling Eli the News.

It was not easy for Samuel to tell Eli, but he could not disobey. He did not smooth over the dreadful truth, but told "every whit." And Eli bowed his head to God's will. Always tell the truth, however unpleasant it may be.

Samuel Grows In Grace.

This was the beginning of Samuel's prophecy. He began well and pleased the Lord, and while he grew in years the grace of God became stronger with him. He became a man of great faith and work. Soon all Israel knew that Samuel was a chosen servant of the Lord.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

If God converted a Prophet from evil through an ass, and caused Jericho's walls to fall down flat at a blast made by men on punctured ram's horns, and if He could bring an erring apostle to penitence through the crowing of a rooster, how much more will He do through a man fully sanctified and given up to His service?

ONLY IN THE NOTHINGNESS OF HUMANITY DO WE ASCEND TO GOD.

ALL ABOUT NEW WHATCOM.

By ADJUTANT BARR.

AROUND the crescent of Belingham Bay nestles the beautiful little city of New Whatcom, linking hands with her sister city, Fairhaven. The location is superb, the resources many, and with a fair chance and additional enterprise a bright future is in store for the city.

Whatcom is a boom town, went up like a rocket—came down again—but brighter days are dawning, and it is slowly but surely pulling itself together, and preening on to prosperity. Why shouldn't it? with its timber, its fruit, its fishing and its prospective gold mines. If all reports be true, some are.

Going to Find their Klamaths

In this corner of the world.

Mount Baker is busy changing his garments some twenty miles from here. His ermine mantle is being laid aside to give place to his summer green and gray, and strong hands and hopeful hearts are wending their way hitherward to unearth the treasure hid so long.

Thus, while many suffer the rigors of Alaskan life in the frozen North, others "neath a lovely summer sky, in one of earth's loveliest corners, are comfortably endeavoring to make their pile." That word reminds me that this city is built to some extent on piles, and the briny waters

Creep Silently Under our Barracks.

across the street, and on for a block further. A Salvation Army barracks suggests a Salvation Army corps, and a Salvation Army corps whether big or little is always interesting. A War Cry clipping now before me reads thus: "Whatcom was opened July 19th, 1890. Captain DeLong and wife and Cadet Wm. Smith were left in charge," then follows a short programme of how some of the early hours of the corps' history were utilized. "Forty-five hours' carpentering at the quarters, ten hours painting signs, ten hours unpacking goods, making tables, setting up stoves, one hour visiting, eighteen hours cleaning, two souls saved and not done yet."

Eight years have since come and gone since these reports were penned, and praise God!

We're "Not Done Yet."

In those days the boom was at its height, money was plentiful, and sin—dirty, degrading sin—was well to the front. Drinking, dancing, gambling on every side.

The Army barracks crowded nightly soon began to tell. Here's straw, an indicator of the proper sort. The saloon next door has changed hands, and the man who now runs it has had the electric light taken down, can't afford it; don't have much business now. Glory to God!

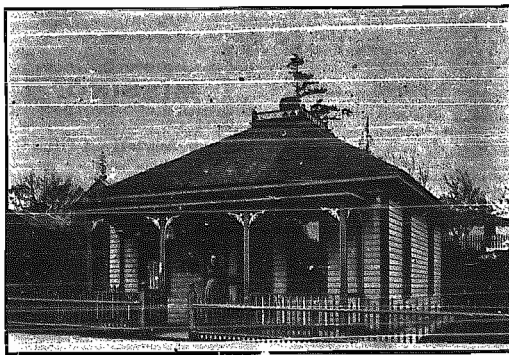
The usual results were manifest, sinners saved, drunkards rescued, homes made happy, and many lives made brighter. Soon the dear old Army Flap floated over a brave band of warriors, singing the songs of Calvary. The years have rolled on leaving their changes. Voices that were once heard on Whatcom streets are to-day singing the "new song." Others are scattered o'er the great Union, battling 'gainst sin and no doubt sometimes praying for "the old corps that brought them to the fold."

and should you ever visit Whatcom you will find still here a little band of warriors fighting against sin and the devil, spilling Jesus, proclaiming His love, and pressing His claims upon the people. Here is the picture of one of them. The drummer and Junior Sergeant-Major, Brother Weede has the interests of a Salvationist from the word "go," and is ever thankful the Army came his way. Listen to a bit of testimony that frequently falls from his lips:

"Friends, I am going on for fifty years of age. The last ten years of my life before getting saved, I was a tramp, living nothing but a tramp life, but I'm glad the Salvation Army ever came my way, to hunt up us poor drunks, and shake us by the hand and call us brothers. Six years ago in Seattle I gave God my heart. It was the best day of my work I ever done."

Sister Ella Aikens is both Corps Secretary and Correspondent. Minus salvation I think she would be much inclined to be "lony," but between the Free Methodists and the good old Army she is thoroughly Salvationized. She has a deep, practical interest in the corps, is a Company Sergeant, and can review the lesson or collect a dollar or two for the corps when necessary with the next one.

Sister Bury, our worthy Treasurer, can be summed up in three words—unassuming, reserved, faithful. She is also a Junior worker, and Cry boomer, and performs her duties in strict regulation fashion. Were you to ask me her work point, I think I should say, "Knee-drill," but we are believing.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

Mrs. Adjutant Barr standing in the doorway.

Besides the locals we have a crowd of good old faithfuls, who have fought many battles, and are good for many more. They love the Army, wear its uniform, and march the streets for the Master.

Our Junior Work is in a healthy condition and is under the supervision of Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Weede. The chief features being its solidity, system, and the fact that it has now become self-supporting.

wherever she goes this is the case, so we are no exception along this line. Full of hope and full of light, we are pressing on. Whatcom must be won for Jesus. There still remains much to be accomplished, we "are not done yet."

A LA CYCLE.

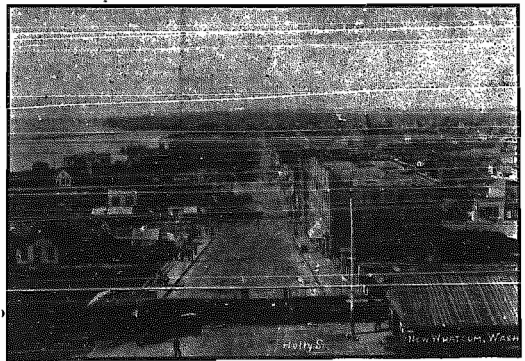
Touring in the Petrolia District—The Provincial Officers and District Officers After the Devil A-Wheel—Not Times—One Way of Raising—A Good Year's Record—533 Out of 591.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

SILENT, but not forgotten. Such is our attitude towards our old friend the War Cry. Many an interesting item, as well as tidings of many a victory might have proven as a little "wrecker" to its keen palate and voracious appetite. But never mind philosophizing. "What have you done?" Aye, that's it. Well, Ladies and gentlemen, we're not ashamed of our record.

The past year has seen many victories—advances in pretty nearly every respect. Our soldiers' roll is splendidly increased, with a crowning triumph in the Siege of 235 additions. The number of souls during the effort was 391. The spirit of the Siege yet remains as evidenced by the number of souls reported for May.

One factor that has wielded no small influence in the advances that have been made is the bicycle. The question of "selling out" the War Cry has been solved in many instances. Adjutant Combs is the devotee to the silent steed, and bears evidence to the above fact. Visitation, too, is made easier, and time is economized thereby.



NEW WHATCOM, WASH., U.S.A.

The Band of Love gave great promise until the measles epidemic broke out. We are believing, however to pull it together again, and have our little carpenter shop and sewing room in full swing again. Having a separate Junior Hall is a great boon. Hurrah for the Juniors!

The citizens, from the genial, warm-hearted Mayor down, are very friendly and liberal, and recognize encouragingly the good work done.

They have a big place in their hearts for our beloved Commissioner, but then

We expect that the Harvest Festival's results will be augmented by this agency, as more ground will be traversed.

Forest reminded us of a new opening. All honor to Brother Duncan and two or three others who held on when there were no officers. Their faith and labors have been rewarded by a splendid revival. Some fine promising folks among them. Already three Candidates have applied. That full platform of enthusiastic soldiery is fresh in our minds still, and our appetites are keen for another drink together. Well done Captain Hollett and Lieutenant Burton.

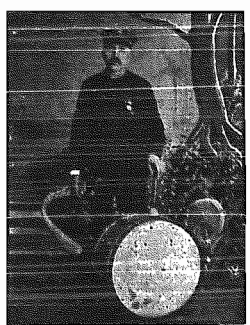
"Thedford has some good old "stand-bys." There is some backbone about the soldiers we saw here, and a good deal in their testimonies. Captain Scouley has well held of things and her corps will continue (as in her past commands) to give a good account of itself.

Savina's all right. Had a good time in open-air, but small number inside, owing to the river fronting the town. This is not surprising. Captain Mathers and Lieutenant Burrows have some tactics to introduce by which the triumphs of the past will not only be maintained, but increased.

Glen Rae is only a small place, but we had a very enjoyable time here. Brother and Sister Lucas made us very comfortable, and the work of the soldiers has been much blessed. That's right, comrades—not only here, but everywhere—hold on, officers or no officers. The P. O. dedicated four babies. Mrs. Scouley sang, also Ensign Ottaway, who has blossomed into a nightingale—with a slight mistake now and again.

Petrolia has a fine personnel in its local officers. It is well organized, and a good work is going on. Sergeant-Major Churchill and his wife, who is Treasurer, Secretary, Battle, and other servants give backbone to the corps, and a word which makes its influence felt. There will be some Candidates from this corps in the near future. Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Ireland has well "old" if the work and running on well over its old line. He promises a few Junior Cadets shortly. Ensign Ottaway and Captain Coe have well held. Many victories have been won, greater to follow.

So much for our trip to the Petrolia District, which was also supposed to be a little rest. It was, if a change means that—anyway, we got blessed, because God helped us to bless somebody else. There are other facts and other names we might mention, but—well, the Editor knows. Forward, comrades, the old-fashioned Blood-and-Fire will conquer every time.



J. S. SNOOT-MAJOR WEEDE, Of New Whatcom Corps, Wash.

WITNESS BOX



CORPS CORRESPONDENT MRS. W. A. McNEILLY.
Calgary, N. W. T.

The Lord has done and is doing great things for my soul.

He has filled me with a burning desire to reach to the highest heights and deepest depths of the riches of His grace.

Oh, the rapturous bliss that fills me day by day.

I have that peace that passeth ALL understanding, I would like to proclaim to the world that Jesus is my best Friend.

"My soul is O K.
Jesus saves me to-day.
I'm a Blood-and-Fire soldier
In the Army O K."

—Mrs. W. A. McNeilly.

COSMOPOLITAN PERSONALIA.

United States.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evans after a trying sea-trip, has arrived in Honolulu on his tour through the Sandwich Islands. His first meetings were held in the Kamahele Native Church, the town prison, and in the Army hall.—Brigadier Brangle is booked to lead five big holiness meetings in connection with the Hawaiian Camp meetings.—Captain Tilsley, of the Workington's Metropole, San Francisco, had five pistol shots fired at him the other night. Providentially, all missed their mark. On the same night an incendiary nearly set in flames the Metropole, which has rendered such splendid service to the city.

Great Britain.

The Chief-of-the-Staff is dead in earnest re Corps Cider. Following his wonderfully successful meeting for them at the British Probation Officers' annual council at I. H. Q. on the subject. Some important matters were decided upon in connection with their training.—Brigadier Tait has been compelled to rest since her farewell from Italy. She is now, however, in good health, and appointed to take charge of the personal training of the British Probation Officers under Commissioner Coombs. Her first tour extends over a month.—Commissioner Ralston is slightly improved.—Brigadier Cooke, and I. H. Q. Chaplain, held a spiritual meeting for the single people on Headquarters, and is going to hold another for the married ones.

India.

Commissioner Higgins was in better health at the start of his tour in the North Indian Territory than when he started it.—Colonel Jai Singh (Railroad) the new Territorial leader for North India, has had a sharp attack of fever.—Major Jang Bahadur acts as Captain of one of the newly-opened corps at Mukti-pur, the S. A. Farm Colony.—Adjutant Major Dux (Kudler) and Staff-Captain Deva Duxie (Vickers) are to be married during Commissioner Higgins' visit to Ceylon.

Africa.

Commissioned Rishdel is making a special appeal for candidates.—Brigadier and Mrs. Mendenham, the new Corps Secretaries, have arrived and been warmly welcomed to their new appointment.—Brigadier Wilmer, the Provincial Officer for the native races, who tells so devotedly for the dusky people of South Africa, has not been well.—Brigadier Raich is away in the Rand organizing important matters in connection with the South Wing.

IN AND ABOUT HEADQUARTERS.

The Field Commissioner and the Chiefs of the Departments have been particularly busy, in addition to their ordinary routine, with important councils during the week.

On Thursday the coming Staff change was the subject of the day. Nearly all the D. O.'s in the Territory are to leave either July 3rd or 10th. Miss Booth and the Chief Secretary in particular, were deeply engaged on this work which had already had much and lengthy thinking.

Major Smeeton, Comptroller of Finance, left for London on property business.

On Tuesday a War Cry Council was held in the Field Commissioner's office, presided over by Miss Booth. Present: Chief Secretary Jacobs, Brigadiers Margetts and Compin, Major Horn and Adjutant Morris—Secretary to the Commissioner. The council, held in two sessions, morning and afternoon. Important decisions arrived at respecting organization of the War Cry sellings.

The Field Commissioner takes the greatest personal interest in the paper, and intends coming into closer touch with the people engaged in the Paper War than ever before.

Considerable alterations have been effected in the Trade Store and Tailor Shop. Mr. Collier, the Army tailor, has now a very convenient work room adjacent to his shop, enabling him to both join up customers and attend to his own work as cutter and tailor at intervals.

Adjutant Manton's store has also been undergoing alterations and he now has a capital office which occupies about one-third of the Trade Store. The alterations are a distinct improvement.

Wednesday the Field Commissioner conducted a council in his office dealing with the coming Harvest Festival. There were present Colonel Jacobs, Brigadiers Margetts and Compin, Major Horn and Friedrich, Adjutants Page, Morris, and Stanton. A good deal of the machinery for the running of the Harvest Festival campaign was under review. Brigadier Margetts was appointed to the preparation of the Hand-Book.

A big poster printed in colors bearing a picture of the Harvest Festival, in preparation, and will add considerably to the public interest in the Festival when it is presented to the people.

Stub Ends of News.

—Look out for a good Canadian contribution in "All the World" for August.

—Look out for the picture of Corps Correspondent Emily White, of Houlton, Me.

—Corps Correspondent Mrs. S. Riley, of Annapolis, N. S. has been a regular reader of the War Cry for the last twelve years.

—July "All the World" contains a contribution from Staff-Captain Ethel Galt, entitled, "From Cathedral to Cattle Shed."

—"The Salvationist." Left St. John's, Nfld., on June 11th, on his mission of mercy. Her first port of call was Bonaville.

—A story appears in the Young Soldier by Ensign Richard Pugh. The Ensign has also promised a story for the War Cry.

—Corps Correspondent F. E. Shea has gone up the line from Woodstock to take charge of a C. P. R. station during the summer.

—A picture of Corps Correspondent Alan Jones, of Kentville, N. S. with his halibut wife and family, will appear in our paper shortly.

—Ensign Pugh farewellled from Woodstock, N. B., on Friday, June 28th, to take up a position at St. John Provincial Headquarters, as Cashier.

—Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Holz, wife of

the American National Social Secretary, came into the Field work under Commissioner Coombs, in Canada, in 1934.

—"When writing for the War Cry, do not try to write in a sense of putting on style. Have something to tell, and tell it in the shortest and clearest possible way."

"We expect to present our readers with a good portrait of the Trade Secretary, and a character sketch within the next few weeks."

—Ensign James Adams, formerly of the Headquarters Trade Department, then of the Eastern Provincial Headquarters, appeared in Toronto, and was observed at his old accustomed seat quietly enjoying a good dinner in the Officers' Mess Room of the Workington Hotel.

—Major Collier is still living around. On the back of the report of his Monoton meetings, he writes in hasty characters, "Say, Mr. Editor, you're my mutual friend. I am in a rush. The Provincial Officer, Cashier and Shortland are all away, and I have everything to look after for a few days in addition to doing these Monoton meetings."

—"The following is an instance of the warm appeal our Rescue Work holds in the hearts of many friends of our ranks. It happened at Montreal. Dr. Reddy who gives his professional services to the Home resides some little distance from the street on which the Home is situated. A child was ill a short time ago—the officers thought dying. One of them rushed to the nearest hospital, if possible, to be French doctor who had been up all the previous night and just retired. He immediately arose, came, prescribed for the patient, took much interest, and added to former remarks as he left the house, 'Let me know how the little one is. I will call again and make no charge.'"

MISSING.

To Friends, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe: be they men, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and make "Inquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

3067. FERTIG, CHARLES BOYD. You will hear of something to your advantage by writing at once to E. A. Dodge, 251 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada.

3068. EVANS, JAMES M. Reported he joined the Salvation Army a year or two since at Minnetonka, Minn. His mother is dangerously ill. Will he, or any person acquainted with his whereabouts, please send his address to Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3069. MULLET, FRED ROBERT. Left Donaldson Mill nine months ago. Has not been heard from since. Came out of Dr. Barnardo's Home nine years ago. Age 27, sunny complexion, short, stout, married and has two children. Was possibly in Toronto, Hamilton or Goderich. Please write at once to Commissioner E. Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3070. CARTER, CHARLOTTE. Not heard from for many years. Her sister Annie enquires. Address, care of Commissioner Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3071. PAWR, THOMAS. Was once lost by any of his friends in Toronto, November, 1890, shortly after getting his discharge from the Royal Artillery, then stationed at Halifax. He is tall, light complexioned, and has a mustache. He is about 42 years old now. We have news for him. It would be to his interest to communicate with Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

3066. WELLS, PHILLIPS. A machinist supposed to be working in a machine shop in Montreal. Will he, or any person knowing his address, please write at once to Miss Eva Booth, Albert St., Toronto.

3065. McLAULIFFE, RICHARD ANTHONY. A weaver. If he, or any person knowing his present address, will communicate at once with Commissioner Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto, will get information.

ENQUIRY COLUMN.

Please say if there is such a form now used by corps as a "Soldier's Pass," which is given to comrades on leaving the corps for another part of the Territory's battlefield, showing the spiritual standing, etc., of bearer.

There also a regulation form for transferring a soldier from one corps to another, in addition to the above-mentioned "pass"?

When I was recruited, some years ago, I was supplied with a copy of "The Salvation Army Soldiers' Rules." Are they still a part of the Army's regulations? haven't seen them in use for several years. Please explain their use, and regulation re same.

Lastly: Where can I go to see a corps that has the Army Book Books for sale, ditto badges, S's and other S. A. emblems?—A Sergeant-Major.

ANSWERS.

1.—No printed form known as a "Soldier's Pass" is in existence in the Territory, but when a soldier wishes to travel and to be recognized by the officers and soldiers of the various corps he intends to visit, he may apply to the corps which he belongs will, upon application, arrange to get a letter of recommendation from his D. O., or in the event of his wanting to go to another corps, would get a similar letter from the Provincial Officer.

2.—The same method would apply in the case of a soldier needing a transfer to another corps.

3.—We are very sorry to hear that "A Sergeant-Major" has not seen the S. A. Soldiers' Rules in use for so long. We hope it is not the result of no soldiers being enrolled at his corps. They are still in use and in regular circulation. It is then that each soldier is furnished with a copy at or before enrollment.

4.—Song Books, badges, S's, and other S. A. emblems are kept in stock at the Provincial Headquarters. The officer in charge of the corps is responsible to see that the corps is supplied with all such requisites. We advise the S.-M. in question to respectfully call on the officer of his commanding officer to these regulations, when we have no doubt any deficiency would be promptly rectified.

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Visitation by Officers.

To visit well will pay you over and over again. Pure religion is not giving a nice address on the platform, but it is in visitation. Let us have more visitation of sinners and sinners. Do not let them say, "No man cares for my soul." Do not forget the rich, they have a soul that hungers for the Bread of Life as much as our poorer brethren. From "Ocean Waves," St. John's, Nfld.

Get Them Converted.

How far moral rectitude, if universally established, would go in solving the prevailing social evils, may be inferred from an interesting contribution to the statistical side of sociology made by a notable and successful Church organization Society of New York. The committee has carefully analyzed the records of several hundred families which applied for assistance, and the report shows the alleged causes of poverty in these cases, and the real causes as disclosed by inquiry. In regard to the causes of the distress, the following table is full of significance:

Causes.	Alleged.	Real.
Lack of employment	313	184
Sickness or accident	236	164
Intemperance	55	188
Shirtness	10	12
No real need	...	121

—Ram's Horn.

How to Write.

The June number of "The Officer," just to hand, in the course of an article on writing for the Salvation Army Press, has the following to say: "Don't let me words. There may be some use for 'fine' writing, such as is represented by long descriptions and carefully elaborated sentences, but the best 'much' room for this in Salvationist literature, and there certainly should be none at all in an interview. Officers talk simply and naturally. They don't write too simply and naturally!"

THE KLONDIKE CONTINGENT

Make Excellent Progress Towards Dawson City.

CONDUCT CAPITAL MEETINGS AT SHEEP'S CAMP AND CANYON CITY.

Traverse Triumphantly the Chilcoot Pass.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

WE are now just fourteen miles on our journey over the Chilcoot Pass. The writer must confess that he had pictured in his mind a much more terrible and arduous journey than he has actually experienced. To say that the Party have enjoyed the walk thus far may appear to the terror-stricken newspaper reader extravagant and bordering on the region of falsity—but such has really been the case. Of course travelling has been rendered much easier by the fact that the people along the route have given to us so generously as to render it possible to ship our effects over the cable line to the summit. It will perhaps be of interest to know that in Canon City and Sheep Camp (two very different villages) the people have given us no less than \$25.

Mountains, of course, have had to be climbed, rivers and creeks waded through or crossed by means of a small frail tree thrown across, besides some rough, stony land and a little genuine swampy ground to be overcome—but apart from these occurrences no difficulties have arisen.

The scenery has been superb, with the snow-clad mountains majestically looking down upon us from either side, and the rivers below rushing along in a terrific race, and in their gurgling lending enchantment to these lonely but fascinatingly beautiful spots. Such glories of Nature fill one's mind and heart with thoughts of the deepest and highest reverence for the God who caused them to exist and continue. Among the multitudes of thoughts, some of which have dwelt but a moment, others remaining for longer reflection, this one has been uppermost—it is "man alone" in the midst of such pictures of earth's loveliness. Nature truly is in harmony and the contrast is thus made here all the greater where the restraint of righteousness seem to be so often discarded by man.

It would be a hard heart indeed that could pass by the poor animals tugging along up the mountain steps with loads far too heavy for their endurance as witnessed by the numerous skeletons to be found all along the way. It would be wrong to give the impression that only men with hard hearts and cruel hands exist, or that this is a region where only the fiercest and meanest thrive. Already have we seen scores of beautiful spirits, in fact such seems to be in the majority, even amidst surroundings which are often peculiarly adverse. These admire the Army, and the fact that we are officers in it elicits for us great courtesy and willingness to assist in any way possible. These have not been few who have opened up their hearts and poured the story of their sorrows into our sympathetic ears. "I came into a short time—then fire came and burned up all I had, and now I am left penniless with my wife and children, and I don't know who had hoped with me that I should be successful." This was the story of one dear fellow, told in a few minutes not many hours ago. Such at any rate feel that we have not come in vain to this Arctic region, and welcome us accordingly.

At Canyon City last night we were listened to with breathless attention by nearly the whole population, who resulted in blessing us many times, as evidenced by those who gripped us warmly and eloquently by the hand at the conclusion of the meeting we gave there.

Of Sheep Camp, from which I wrote, the same might be said. We have been received with greatest kindness and interest, and have made a mark for God and eternity.

We cross the summit early to-morrow and without doubt shall have the pleasure of sliding down the other side again, whether with the air of a friendly rube walkingstuck or otherwise. Never mind, we'll get there somehow, and it will not be long before we shall be singing, "His blood can make the vilest clean," and finding in abundance diamonds in the rough in Dawson City.

Later.

"North Pole" has just completed a 25 mile walk over the Pass with Adjutant Dowell, no that if some of the varied

experiences of the Salvation Army Klondike Expedition are not written up as crisply or enticingly as Cry readers might wish them, they must remember the circumstances and take the best we are able to offer.

I think I left you last time at Sheep Camp. We had struck camp there for the night, had had a good rattling open-air meeting, and were to cross over the summit the next day. And did we get there? you say. Of course we did—but,



INTERIOR OF INDIAN FISHING CAMP—HALIBUT DRYING.

oh! what a climb and a pull and a tug—sometimes with all hands and feet, and at others manning co moks slow progress by means of a walking-stick. Still, we got there—got right on the summit, and although when we had begun to blow a frightful hurricane and you could scarcely see ten feet in front of you, yet nothing daunted, after attending to our effects, we began to descend. I will not attempt to describe how, but suffice it to say anyhow, with seventy pounds on our backs we did it, and went first across Crater Lake, then through the Canyon and later to the further end of Long Lake in a thick fog, frequently sliding through the slushy snow to the thighs. But we stuck to it, and seven miles of the worst walking which could possibly be imagined was overcome. Then it was that the following occurred: "Run into that shanty and buy us \$25. worth of biscuits," said a generous heart. No sooner said than done, and a few moments later the messenger returned with six small buns or home-made biscuits. But one minute more and not a vestige of these was to be seen. A quietus still confining unimpeded. By this time the entire Party had arrived, camp was quickly struck, and as the reader might suppose, as quickly as possible, wild fire began. That done and a prayer of thanksgiving uttered the camp was soon silent in the daylight evening. Except the noise of the roaring wind, all was still.

"To-morrow morning," said the Adjutant, "we must begin our final ascent down from the summit." Bright and early (and it seems always early here, as it never gets dark) through deep snow over the still frozen lakes and canon the Party hurried toward the summit, passing innumerable dog-trains and packers on its way. Our destination reached, one of our large canoes, containing an extra 200 pounds was put on small sleds, and then the haul began. Reader, imagine yourself from within five or six feet of the sled, pushing it through countless snow drifts, with at least every tenth step sinking in to the knee, sometimes sinking up grade at an angle of fifty degrees. As you may experience a great variety of temperatures and conditions in a few hours here, this work has to be done at times through a

dense fog, at others in a snow storm, and again beneath a furious sun which has the power to scorch and burn up your flesh in a fearful manner—such has been the experience of each member of the Salvation Army Klondike Expedition. Nevertheless, as my old colleague has it, "there is a silver lining to every cloud," and while we only succeeded in getting the first canoe five miles in the one day, the next brought a wonderful change in the right direction. Having secured two good sleds, a sail was soon hoisted and a terrific mile blowing in our favor, when once started we sped along with magnificent speed, so that the full seven miles were covered in a little more than two hours.

This done, our entire outfit was landed at this distance beyond the summit in three days. "You fellows beat all creation," was the expression of one individual, and why shouldn't we? We are going to Klondike for a righteous cause, and God is with us. It is a remarkable thing (and not so remarkable, after all), at every turn things have turned in our favor—on all sides we are treated with courtesy, kindness and words of cheer.

We have just walked seven miles, and called in for a cup of coffee at a rough lunch counter, behind which three men were busy, two of whom were employed

That First Midnight March and Supper

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no friend like Jesus,
There's no place like home."

SOFTLY, sweetly wafted the heart-touching words as a refrain to "My Jesus, I love Thee." The shadows of night, and the murkiness of a thick, heavy fog rested upon the city of St. John. N. B. as Brigadier Pugmire gave out the lines of the above quoted song. The splendid company of the Salvation Army, who had gathered from the words and sang them earnestly to the listen g lay-studiers who had gathered from the surrounding vicinity, and drew near to the on-air ring.

We had marched from the beautiful Queen's Square Church to the Sheffield district at the close of the social meeting. Brigadier Pugmire, Major Collier, the city officers, the newly-commissioned League of Mercy, and a good number of the city soldiers were present. We had planned to have a midnight march and supper for the poor people in this particular locality, hoping in this way to reach a class who do not attend ordinary Salvation Army meetings.

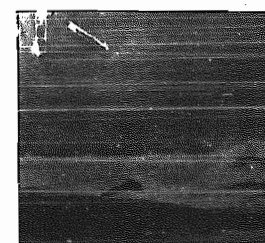
I wish I had the brush of an artist, or the pen of a ready writer to graphically describe the scene enacted in the two or three hours which followed. Happily, I suppose, listened to the songs and messages sang and delivered in the optimistic words which followed. The songs seemed to be represented. From the blue-coated officials, whose services, I am pleased to say, was not called into requisition, to the red-coated who pleaded for admission to the meeting, and one of whom got saved during the evening. There were young girls, and to say, trailing in the "way of death," older women and men intently—in fact, a motley crowd. It was an innovation, the first of its kind in St. John, and it was many of the poor girls who had been invited by the Rescue Officers personally, were shy about coming into the supper and service. The first of the night, loaned by Mr. Durham, was filled, many men standing for two hours. An impromptu sort of meeting was held. Brigadier Pugmire led off with a song. All was interest, intense interest. One by one some of the poor girls slipped into the hall, until quite a number were present. Captain Pierey and others sang touching solos. Revs. Mr. Steel and Mr. Wadell, Pastor of Queen's Square, who were present, spoke helpful words. All Others took part. Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire sang, and the Brigadier made a strong appeal for souls. In the hearty old-time prayer meeting which followed, led alternately by the Brigadier and Major Collier, four knelt at the Cross. One, a man who came to the meeting thoroughly intoxicated and we are told had squandered \$5,000 in drink. The second, a red-coated soldier, whose chums gathered around at the close and advised him in "stick to it." The third, a poor fellow one known to the Rescue Officers. The fourth a little negro woman, who was enthusiastic, but who finished up by flourishing her umbrella over the head of one of her own race. We imagine she will require "another dip."

Though many were intoxicated, the order was almost perfect. St. John friends had sent in the best of food for the supper. Adjutant Jost and her helpers had worked hard. Emma Adams and Ensign Perry were indefatigable in their efforts to assist the Rescue Staff in making this enterprise a success.

We came away after Major Collier and Captain Pierey had enjoyed a Newfoundland dance, as the grey dawn was tipping the Eastern sky, praising God for this fitting conclusion of our blessed campaign in St. John city. The Rescue Officers will now conduct a weekly meeting in Sheffield district.

We are now at Deer Lake and it will only be a day or two before our boats will be on the water, and with all speed we shall be sailing towards Dawson City.

NORTH POLE.



SPECIAL CONTENTS THIS WEEK.

A LETTER TO A BACKSLIDER, from the General.
 EN ROUTE TO DAWSON. Over the Chilkoot with our Klondike Contingent, by Our Special Correspondent.
 ALL ABOUT NEW WHATCOM (Illustrated) by Adjutant Barr.
 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE COMMANDER AND CONSUL, BOOTH-TUCKER, by Brigadier Alice Lewis.
 PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Bishop, of Random Island, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Taylor, of Triton, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Greenland, of Goosberry Island, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Mercer, of Selly Cove, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Cumming, of Heart's Delight, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Moulton, of Clarendville, to be Captain.
 Cadet Downey, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Rose, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Legg, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Richards, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign Cooper, of Carbonear, to the Tilt Cove District.
 Ensign Gosling, of St. John's Shelter, to the Bonavista District.
 Ensign Kenway, of Bonavista, to Harbor Grace.
 Ensign Moss, of Greenspond, to Grand Bank.
 Ensign Parsons, of Grand Bank, to St. John's Shelter.
 Ensign Newman, of Tilt Cove, to Carbonear.
 Ensign Ed. Fletcher, of Toronto Shelter, to Richmond St. Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin on each side. Use separate sheets of paper for returns of War Cry sales to "Pensioners' Pen" and for Corps reports.

THE CHIEF FEATURE OF NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY.

W HILE absent on her trip to Skagway, the Field Commissioner wrote a paper for the War Cry entitled, "Pack Horses, or Bear ye One Another's Burdens." The occasion which stirred up Miss Booth to write "Bear ye One Another's Burdens," was the sight of the pack horses en route from Skagway to Dawson City. She has thrown the full force of her sympathetic soul into the writing of the article, which is one of the most striking that has ever come from her pen. It will appear next week, and we especially desire to draw every reader's attention to the same.

OUR FRONTPISCE.

WE feel like congratulating ourselves on the excellent picture of the General, the Consul, and the Commander, which adorns our front page this week, and fully anticipate it giving unusual satisfaction to the purchasers of the War Cry. The picture is produced from a photograph by the Milt Co., of San Francisco, specially taken to occupy a central place in the great International



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BARR.

Group picture, which Secretary James N. Hyde has been so laboriously preparing for the last twelve months. Brigadier Alice Lewis' reminiscences of the Commander and Consul are also very interesting. We are promised another contribution from her pen at no distant date.

A POPULAR PROMOTION.

THOROUGH Salvationist and eminently successful officer as she is, we congratulate Staff-Captain Ethel Galt on her promotion, and undertake to say that this action of the Commissioner's will meet with the hearty endorsement of everyone on the field who has any knowledge of the sterling worth of Staff-Captain Galt's character and work.

ENSIGN PAYNE SLIGHTLY IMPROVED.

WE rejoice to know that Ensign Payne, of whose serious illness we made mention a few issues ago, is improving somewhat in health. A touching scene was witnessed when at the close of the recent officers' council conducted by Brigadier Sharp, in St. John's Newfoundland, the Staff Officers went up in a body to give a hearty visit to the Ensign before they left for their appointments. The visit of their brother officers was much appreciated by Ensign and Mrs. Payne. May God restore our comrade to health and active service!

FOR PERFECTING THE MACHINERY.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS is now engaged upon the next Harvest Festival Hand-Book. When this is completed the Field Commissioner has decided that the Brigadier shall, as representative, commence a tour of inspection at the chief centres of the Territory. It will be the Brigadier's business to inspect the working of the Salvation Army from top to bottom, and advise with all concerned how better to carry out our great and revered General's famous injunction, "Work the Salvation Army." Our leader has made an excellent choice of the man for the work.

the Brigadier's gifts and long experience on this field having eminently qualified him for this most important position.

OUR NEW QUARTERLY.

MORE and more is the Army availing itself of the medium of printers' ink for extending and sustaining the interests of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. The mother-land has now no less than thirteen publications, the last being one devoted to Life Assurance. We, in this Territory, are following hard in the wake of our comrades across the water, every great undertaking run from the Territorial Centre having its own book of instruction and advice; then there is our Social Annual, the latest of which, "Love Did It," has met with much favor, and lastly, owing to the healthy condition of the Grace-Before-Meat work and the prospect for still further advance, the Commissioner has decided that Mrs. Major Smeeton, her Secretary for this branch, shall publish a quarterly in its interests. Success to the Paper War!

NEWFOUNDLAND FIGHT TO BE REVIEWED.

PERHAPS there is no hotter volcano of unadulterated Salvationism than the Army in Newfoundland. Right across our borders the news of the plucky fight maintained by the Islanders is read with interest, nevertheless much is lost when the reports come in from small places, the names of which are seldom or never heard outside the island, and what is really needed to keep our readers in touch with the Newfoundland Fight is a bird's-eye view of the war as it is carried on throughout the island. This, we are glad to announce, will in future be supplied by the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp, who, with his leading Staff Officers in council at St. John's recently, decided that each District Officer should be responsible for passing on to him the interesting news of their respective Districts which he in turn will make up into a column for the War Cry. We think this arrangement will work ad-



SECRETARY E. AIKENS and TREASURER E. BUXY.

COMING EVENTS

The Field Commissioner

WILL CONDUCT
 SPECIAL SOLDIERS'
 MEETINGS
 AS FOLLOWS

The Temple, Wednesday, July 6.
 Lippincott St., Friday, July 8.
 All Toronto Corps United.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE

will visit

SPRING HILL, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 9, 10, 11 and 12.

MAJOR MCMILLAN,

accompanied by

THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND

will conduct

GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS

as follows:

GRAFTON, July 7th to the 11th.
 WINNIPEG, July 13th to 20th.
 RAT PORTAGE, July 22nd to 29th.

mirably, it is certain it will make the Newfoundland Fight much more intelligible to readers in general. Of course we shall have other contributions from Newfoundland in addition to this column, but all the live, up-to-date facts of the Fight, as it develops week by week, will be supplied by means of the column referred to.

HE ORGANIZES.

NEVER during the present Editor's regime has the distribution of the War Cry to the homes of the people been taken up with such enthusiasm as at present. Nearly every week records a distinct advance in the number of hucksters' sales, and in the number of hucksters employed in making those sales. A healthy spirit of sanctified competition of the kind referred to by the apostle when he spoke of his converts "provoking one another to love and good works" exists, especially between the various Provincial commanders, not one of whom has thrown more vim into the matter than that Rule and Regulation man of the Central Ontario Southern Section, Staff-Captain Hargrave, whose Section reaches the TOP OF THE LIST, notwithstanding the fact that his command has only sixteen corps, whereas the other commands range as follows:

Eastern, Brigadier Pugmire	54
East Ontario, Brigadier Bennett	40
Newfoundland, Brigadier Sharp	4
West Ontario, Major Southall	4
North-West, Major McMillan	5
Central Ontario Northern Sec. 10th.	
Staff-Captain Minnie	31
Pacific, Brigadier Howell	23

We may add, however, that many of Staff-Captain Hargrave's corps are situated unusually favorable for the prosecution of the Paper War.

WE commend to our readers' attention Adjutant Barr's excellent write-up on New Whatcom.

—Captain Baker, of Newfoundland, who has been sick, is improving nicely in health.

LOOK OUT

Everyone should read "THE GENERAL AS A SALVATION SOLDIER." An inspiring article by Commissioner Nicol, with special illustrations.

Next week's Cry will contain a specially written article from the Field Commissioner's pen entitled "PACK HORSES, or Bear ye One Another's Burdens."

MISS BOOTH'S RECENT COUNCILS IN TORONTO

THE Field Commissioner's present command counts some remarkable councils on its record, but for unique enthusiasm, true-toned interest and blessed inspiration, that which immediately followed the Commissioner's home-coming from Alaska was admittedly an eclipse.

Despite her heavy travelling in and from the West, Miss Booth determined to meet her officers within twenty-four hours from her return, and it was some personal fatigue was the result, it was well recompensed by the delight of everybody else. With the exception of that brief peep which the station reception afforded, this was the officers' first sight of the Commissioner, and after her absence of nearly eight weeks, this was no small event to all.

Next to anxiously to see the Commissioner was the big desire showed by everybody to hear the story of the North which she had to tell. Nor was this wish disappointed. The Commissioner had

A Thrilling Tale

and told it with her marvellous descriptive powers affording the impression of the recent soul-striving scenes through which she had passed. The picture and the influence of that eventful evening will be long in fading from the minds of all present.

A spacious room in the New Women's Institute Home was thronged by the officers of the city and the Headquarters Staff. As far as we can remember all faces wore a peculiarly happy expression, but it was not time to notice them much. Gaze was fastened on the little group behind the informal table where stood our returned leader in the picturesque costume of brown and red which she had worn in Alaska. Perhaps there has never been an occasion when the Commissioner's words were in fact so much more and yet more from daylight to dusk and dusk to darkness she kept attention captive. Time and place were forgotten as we made with her the wonderful sea journey from Victoria, passed the whales and heard the flutter of the eagle's wings. We laughed and cried and talked with her of those Indian wharves and met the dark-skinned but loyal lovers of Salvationism there. Gathering shadows began to fill the council room and little more than the outline of the Commissioner's picturesque form could be discerned, but

We were Away in the Glorious Twilight

which most resembled dawn of a Kingdom evening, listening to the Commissioner singing "He pardoned a rebel like me," and watching the lights of conviction fill to and fro on the faces of the motley crowd of listeners. With the last shout of farewell which flung to us from behind the waving handkerchiefs of the Klondike Party, the light of day was lost to sight and we awoke to the responsibilities which all the inspiration that the Commissioner had brought back with her, left upon each and all.

Less than a week elapsed before the convening of another council, for the Commissioner seemed as anxious to hear her officers as they had been to hear her. It was one of those informal gatherings which have some characteristics of a family party. Who did not speak it could be hard to tell from the face of Peacock, whom the Commissioner called on first, to the Chief Secretary, whose face was bright with a story of heart-hearty and affectionate applause, there was a varied and bright selection of brevities in speculating. The Commissioner's soul-thrilling tale of the "Blessed love of God," at the close made indelible imprint.

Brigadier and Mrs. Caskin Visit Dundas.

(Special.)

Splendid week-end. Crowds good. One good for salvation. Collections nearly trebled. Previous Sunday's convert praying and testifying in meetings all day.

Another New Opening in Newfoundland.

(Special.)

Ensign McRae has opened New Bay corps with good success. He enrolled twelve soldiers and had the joy of sending sinners to the Salvationists. A barracks in course of erection, and will be completed in the fall.



Telegraphic Address:
"Salvation, London."

Dear Friend,

You have returned to your Father's arms and home. In doing so you have done well. I am very glad of it, and so is God, and so are the angels, and so will your old comrades be. May you never, never, never wander again.

To that end you must be careful to use the necessary means to prevent another shipwreck. You can be quite sure that your perseverance will be opposed by the devil, and perhaps by some of your old companions and friends, and it may be objected to by some members of your own family; but Jesus Christ has promised you victory. He will bring you through.

Then, again, you can be quite sure that you will have trials and difficulties. I have tried myself, but God has promised to support and comfort you in every dark and sorrowful hour, and He will be faithful to His word. He is strong to deliver.

In order that you may be faithful to the end, let me give you a little advice.

1. You must be clear in your own mind that you have given up all and everything that He has shown you to be wrong. You know what is your besetting sin. You must renounce it with all your heart. Any course which means going on in any sinful way, however profitable and pleasing it may appear to you, is certain to ensure failure. Every sin must go, though even a right and necessary as a right eye, if you are to have victory. If there is anything still left in your mind which tells you you know to be contrary to the will of God, go down again before Him, as you did at the penitent form, and renounce it with all your heart.

2. You must be equally clear that you have given yourself up to the service of God. There must be no controversy in your soul about your duty. Lay yourself at the feet of Jesus Christ, and say, "Lord, I am prepared, in Thy strength, to do all Thy will. Forgive me, for you got wrong before. There was something you would not do, or somewhat you would not be, or somewhere you refused to go, because you did not like that particular thing, and consequently God was grieved and left you, and you became weak and fell before temptations. Don't do the same thing again."

3. You must be equally clear in your belief that God, your Heavenly Father, does here and now receive you back into His favor, and that He does freely pardon all the past. It is very wonderful that He should do so, and that He should do so all at once, after conduct that was so wickedly ungrateful, and so painful to your comrades, and so unbecomingly and so injurious to His kingdom; but still it is like His wonderful love and mercy that He should do so. Your work is to believe what He does, and that without a doubt.

Another American Social Advance.

(Special.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Holz, National Social Secretary of the United States, has opened the third Social Colony for the relief and reformation of American out-of-workers. The new colony is situated in the neighborhood of Cleveland, Ohio.

Changes in the British Editorial Department.

(Special.)

Major Marshall is relinquishing his position as Editor of "All the World." and has been appointed to the control of the newly-formed Literary Bureau, at International Headquarters. The Bureau will be in charge of all literary work and will receive the valuable supervision of Commissioner Howard. Major Bond has been appointed the new Key-Recorder, and "Local Officer," and Major Eileen Douglas has succeeded Major Bond as General Secretary of the Department and sub-Editor of the British War Cry.

[To a Recently Restored Backslider.]

The Salvation Army

International Headquarters,

Queen Victoria Street,

London, E. C.

Never mind whether you feel about it as you think you ought to feel, either now or hereafter. If you truly regret—if you are sorry for the past, and willing to serve Him with all your heart in the future—you are in the authority of His word for believing that He forgives everything, receives you into His bosom, and loves you as His child, whatever your feelings on the subject may be.

Now for the future. You know what you must do as well as I can tell you. But I recommend the following:

1. Confess to your family, friends, companions and everybody else that knows you, that you have returned to your Father.

2. If you have done any injury to any one but He, if you have cheated them, or robbed them, or lied to them, or hurt them in any way—you must confess that to them personally and excuse you can get at them. More than this, you must make amends for the wrong you have done them, if it is possible to do so.

3. If you have quarrelled with anyone, so far as you were wrong in it, confess you should confess it and ask forgiveness. The fact that they were wrong in their treatment of you does not excuse you from confessing the evil treatment you dealt out to them. This course on your part may lead them to see wherein they were wrong towards you and to confess it to you, or to whoever it may concern, and consequently lead to a proper and lasting reconciliation.

4. See that your name is restored to the Army Roll, if it has been taken off. If you have removed away from the corps where you were formerly a soldier, write to the Commanding Officer, the Major, if the Captains who knew you 1 not there now—and let him know that you have come back to God and the Army.

5. Get into uniform as soon as possible. If you have cast it off. If you cannot afford uniform straight away, get a badge of some kind and wear it.

6. Fall into line at once, march in the ranks, and get to work to save somebody else; especially try to hunt up the poor backsliders of your acquaintance and neighborhood.

7. Watch against the sins or inordinances or whatever it was that led you astray before. Especially beware of your besetting sin. "You cannot prevent its attacking you again, as it will do, but you can resist it and conquer. You will be the fourth person in the Army who will lead you astray again by the same snare that ruined you before."

8. Give yourself to a life of prayer, faith, and love, and usefulness. Be a good soldier, a good Christian, and God will strengthen and keep you. Meanwhile, always think of me as

Your: with sympathy and prayer,
(Sgd.) WILLIAM BOOTH, General.

"The Army Doing a Good Work at Camp Alger."

(Special.)

General O. O. Howard, writing the New York World a description of Camp Alger and the soldiers there, on June 21st, states:

"There is a large tent which is used by the Salvation Army. Edith Marshall is in charge. Commenced Key-Recorder will be here Thursday and will begin a series of meetings. The Salvation Army is doing a very good work here."

—Naval Brigade Sergeant W. C. Webber, of H. M. S. "Cordelia," has recently returned from Key West, where he says, "They would just welcome the Army with open arms, in fact they told me at Key West and Savannah to get the Army there. When we were at the latter place the Congregationalists loaned us their place for two nights, and three of the Army staff had taken the meeting. It was a big undertaking, yet the Lord blessed us with 40 souls seeking salvation. I have had a letter from the minister since arriving here at Halifax, to say it was the means of a great heart and soul church consecrated to God to live more holy and Christlike."

THE WORLD-WIDE WAR

United States.

The Rescue Home at Los Angeles bids fair to be a great addition to Social efforts on the Pacific Coast. —A United States officer is in a company for the war made up entirely of Salvationists for a cavalry regiment. —Chaplain Steel, of the 1st Montana Volunteers, willingly arranged for Salvation Army meetings amongst his soldiers. —One of our Chinese comrades was in the battle of Manila. —During four months the Social work in San Francisco helped 1,245 poor families with food and clothing. —The Army is permitted to hold daily meetings inside the tent on the regimental camp site of the 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

India.

A new barracks and schoolhouse is being built on the Gujarat Agricultural Peasant Settlement. —During the three months' boom 7,581 adherents, 2,435 recruits, and 1,061 soldiers. —A Home of Rest has been opened at Poona. —A number of Jamedars walked 50 and 60 miles to the Commissioner's Headquarters. —During the last meetings in the Punjab. —A noted bomb candidate comes from Peshawar. He was a popular native doctor and the whole village besought him not to enter the Army, offering him lands and property if he would turn back. But he held firm.

British Guiana.

Adjutant Shaw, who succeeded Staff-Captain Widgery, at British Guiana, reports a month of victory. Crowds turned out on Sunday. A great number of young men settled down who will make fighting soldiers. Swore in eighteen last week, and more coming on. Captain D. Smith, a colonel from Canada, collected £3 for a drum on his passage. With this, some second-hand instruments and a few tambourines, the first Salvation Army band is an accomplished fact.

Mail Bag Findings.

"I want always to live so that the Master can say, 'She hath done what she could.'"
—Corps Correspondent Edith Akens, New Whetcom.

"I have not had the least experience in this line (reporting work), still I will pray and try."
—Corps Correspondent Eunice Robinson, Oshaw.

"I am well in my soul, praise God. God has blessed my work here, though only two and a half months of stay. Enrolled four soldiers, and one Candidate. To God be the glory."
—Ensign Pugh.

"The town (Annapolis) is exceedingly pretty and the most historic in the Province. A few pictures of the Fort and Government buildings, with a few of the notabilities of the town and corps would be just the thing to start the old-time interest in the War Cry."
—Corps Correspondent Mrs. S. Riley. (All right, Mrs. Riley, send the pictures along.)

"I have been with the General to Burnley and Warrington. Packed houses and many souls at each place. Warrington is an old corps, and I know it well. We captured a number of soldiers who were backsliders. In one instance a man and wife whose boy I visited in the States, they were I know it well. Father and mother were back again, and I trust will run to the end this time. They had a wonderful time at Wigan. Love to all old hands."
—William Baugh, Major.

"I do not feel capable or worthy of the office of Corps Correspondent which has been given me, and I know I will take lots of prayer and careful work to carry it out as I ought to do. But God helping me, I will do my best. I know we are perfect weaklings of ourselves, and we can do nothing without God's help; we might do it, but it would not be done in the Spirit, and it would hurt nothing. I feel that in the work I have to do much good may be done, if it be done in the right way. Now please tell me all the good things. Corps correspondent Emily White, Houlton, Me.

—Captain Dixon, Special Correspondent for the Young Soldier of the Klondike Contingent, is contributing some very interesting and interesting journeys of the Party to Dawson City.

East Ontario.

Brigadier Bennett.] [Crys. 5,562.

Peterboro.—We felt God's presence very much on Sunday, and closed the day's night with one precious soul in the Fountain. Praise God—Yours to win, May.

Houlton.—Last week Adjutant and Mrs. Creighton spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Houlton corps. One soul got saved Sunday in the holiness meeting. We are still going on to victory.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Montreal II.—Hallelujah! God is our strength and is giving us the victory. Times of blessing all the week. Souls are under conviction. We are receiving showers of blessings. May the flood soon come. One brother came to God Sunday night.—Yours for God and souls, W. G. R. C.

Amnrior.—We have had a visit from Adjutant McLean, our District Officer, which was enjoyed by all. We are still having victory in this place. We have a real desire to fight against, but we have a real God to help us. Praise His dear name.—Lieutenant Dawson, for Ensign Stingers.

Trenton.—Good meetings all week, especially open-air. The devil would try to discourage us here, but God is for us, and He is more than a 1 that can be against us. We are winning a crown in the devil's ranks soon. Conviction is stamped on many faces. Victory is sure. Hallelujah!—Lieutenant M. Brown, for Captain L. DeWitt.

Newport, Vt.—Special meetings this week held by Ensign Kimball and his officers assisted by the officers from St. Johnsbury and Coaticook. Friday evening a convention of us visited Irasburgh and had a meeting. Over 500 people gathered to hear the message of the Gospel. We fought faithfully.—Brother J. B. Morse.

Deseronto.—One brother has claimed victory through the Blood. Although he wandered far away from God and his Father's home, yet he was glad to return again and ask forgiveness. He was not disappointed but went away rejoicing. To God be all the glory.—Still yours to conquer.—Lieut. L. Dora, for Captain A. Chapin.

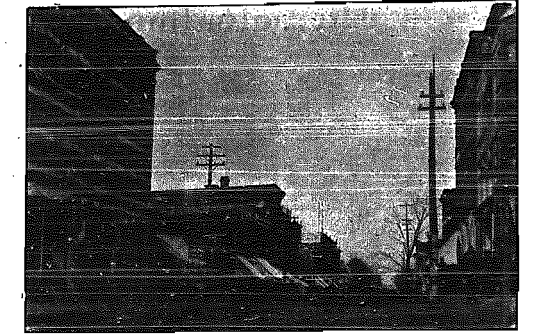
Brookville.—On Sunday three souls surrendered at the Outpost, Algonquin, and Monday we paid a visit to Rockingham where two more came boldly over to God. We came back rejoicing and wound up this event with four more volunteering in Brookville. We praise God and pray for better things to follow.—Faithfully yours, Lieutenant E. Latimer, for W. H. Burrows, Ensign.

Bloomfield.—Praise the Lord we are not dead, we are still here fighting under the dear old flag. We had a visit from Brigadier Bennett, which cheered us very much. The Brigadier commissioned our little band. God bless the bandmen. The soldiers are keeping real good and God is helping and blessing us here. All backsliders are returning home. Praise the Lord for the victories won, but we are still in for greater victories.—A. Patten, Captain.

Shroebrook.—We are going on and delighting in the light. The little band is the Lord's. Holiness meeting was a rich one. The mighty conquering power was there. Souls were set at liberty. The fire is burning. We are bound that there shall be a shout in the camp. Outpost meeting good (Suffield). We have been taking fifty extra War Crys for special bombardment, making a total of 125 each week. One soul claimed salvation last night.—H. C. K.

Ottawa.—Adjutant McLean has been on his usual tour of the District. Junior Sergeant-Major Mason has gone to another part of the battlefield, and Sergeant Heath has filled the vacancy. We wish them both success in their labors for God. Adjutant McDonald has arrived to take charge of the Rescue Work and Coker Edwards has farewelled for the field. May God bless him and give him victory. The soul-saving will go steadily on, though not as we would like to see it at times, but still praise God for victory.—A. Patten.

Montreal I.—We had Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald with us for holiness meeting on Sunday morning. A good time. Afternoon and evening. Ensign Robert was in charge. One brother out to the penitent form at night. He said he thought he was saved when he came into the meeting, but such words were spoken seemed to pierce his heart, and he realized he was not



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST, OSHAWA—EAST ONTARIO.

saved at all and felt his need of a Saviour. God gave him courage to come and he got saved without a doubt. Monday night a backslider came back again and testified to being saved. May these comrades be faithful.—C. Harding.

Montreal I.—Since you have heard from us we have had the joy of seeing two more backsliders return to Jesus. One came out on Sunday night, after a hard fight, just as the meeting was about to close. And on Monday night another brother came out. Tuesday night we had a soldiers' tea, which was a huge success, owing to the efforts of Ensign Allen and her assistant officers. Brigadier and Mrs. Bennett and Headquarters' Staff were with us, also the officers from No. 12, Trenton corps and Joe Beoff's. Somewhere about 125 officers, soldiers and friends sat down to tea. After tea had been disposed of we had a good spiritual feed, and everybody went home well satisfied. More big times on ahead.—C. Harding, Reg. Cor.



WAR CRY AGENT AND MRS. PERKINS.

Barr, Vt.

SERGEANT PERKINS joined the Salvation Army in Barrre the 17th of April, 1897, and has been a true Salvationist ever since. He is a machinist by trade and works all day from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. He has never missed a Sunday knee-drill and scarcely ever misses a meeting. He takes full charge of the War Cry, and sees that they are all sold and paid for. He sells from eighty to ninety every week and says he gets much blessed in doing so. His testimony always has the right ring, salvation shines through his countenance, and he is a real Blood-and-Fire soldier in the true sense of the word.

Mrs. Perkins became a soldier the same time as her husband, and although unable to attend the meetings through illness, she is a faithful soldier and wears full uniform whenever she is able to do so.—J. R. Wiseman, Adjutant, Barrre, Vt.

The North-West.

Major McMillan.] [Crys. 3336.]

THE LIFE GUARDS' BAND, In the North-West, Spend a Night to be Remembered.

We have visited quite a few places since last report, and, needless to say, had much success. Now we are in North Dakota; spent several nights at Grafton. Of all the trips we have record of, this beats them all—I mean the trip to Thompson from Grand Forks. Meeting came to a close about 10.30 p.m. Started back to Grand Forks, a twelve mile drive. About two miles out of town, school, a great black cloud loomed up from the West. There is a flash of lightning, then a crash of thunder. Now the elements are beginning to lose and tumble. The great rush convinces us of a mixture, of not only wind and water, but also fire, for now the lightning is so fierce and bright that you have a minute of fire before your eyes after every flash. But there, at a short distance, a farmhouse is revealed to us, but only for a moment, and then everything is pitch dark again. Is this all it will amount to? Not by any means, for now the rain is commencing to pour down in sheets, or something else at any rate, we could not see—only feel. The drivers turn the heads of their horses, and after driving, or rather reeling the wagon on, for some time, another flash of lightning revealed to us that we had arrived at the farm house. Now the fun (?) begins. Here were the most of us

Soaked to the Skin.

ladies included, who, by the way, were Adjutant Goodwin and Captain Dwyer. Now, someone gets out and when he puts his foot upon the ground he lifts a good portion of the man's property, which of course he has to leave again, for Dakotans value their country very much. Then with great difficulty some of us managed to reach the house and began to knock. But the inmates, of whose presence we had but small evidence—a dog—when, after displaying a reasonable amount of dishevelment at being interrupted in his sweet slumbers, submitted himself to the most unfavorable circumstances. Perhaps the poor brute sympathized with us. The inmates, as I said before, perhaps thought we were Spaniards, or they were too fast asleep; I'm trying to persuade myself that the latter was the real cause of our having to pound in a most terrific manner for about half an hour. In the meantime the boys found a barn and got one team in. Captain Stokess was making some most desperate efforts (he is always a very earnest boy) to get his team unhitched. Now he has succeeded in unhitching the traces. But what is this? Though the rain wasn't coming in a solid mass of water, yet the Captain felt as if he had come to the bottom of the sea, and was all tangled up with weeds. I thought to be a cable, and a huge fish which had perhaps taken it for a fish line, at the end of it. Here he feels his own feet all tangled round and fettered. On a closer examination Captain Stokess found out that this most serious predicament was caused by a large calf picketed

The good people of the house could sleep no longer, for the noise of Captain Habrick's knocking had sounded so loud that he must have wakened up all the chickens in the coop (of which I shall

speak later on). Once inside, the light revealed to us that, but for

Our Happy-Looking Faces.

we were fearful looking objects. Then a bed was found for the ladies, and we were most content with a place in a barn. Our sleep was somewhat troubled by about fifteen head of horses; especially Captain Stokess, who, of course, had after about four clear of the calf and chain, and by this time was in the land of nod enjoying (?) many adventures; dreaming about someone stealing his winter and summer whisks, which he uses in the "prodigal" meetings, and then when a dozen or two of roosters started to sing their morning hymn in their own peculiar way, the Captain jumped up and stood in an awkward position wondering which way he had come. Here we remained till morning, when we felt somewhat stiff, and some thought it might result in rheumatism. However, we got safely back to Grand Forks, and after resting felt none the worse for our trip.

In the evening the Major arrived from Winnipeg and we spent a powerful week. Sunday night we wound up with three souls in the Fountain of Glory to God, from whom all blessings flow.—Yours fighting, H. Kreiger, Cadet.

Viriden.—A man was heard to say that the Lord must be asleep or else He would put the Salvation Army to sleep once in a while. Thank God we are still awake, and believing in the God that keepeth Israel, knowing He will lead us out to victory.—W. McCue, R. C.

Brundon.—Good time on Sunday. One soul volunteered right out in the afternoon meeting and got blessedly saved.—Triflora.

Walworth.—G. A. R. Convention was held in the city last week. Dr. Church, of Grand Forks, with us. Good time in the open-air. A poor old drunk knelt in the ring. Came up with the Doctor the next night to open-air and testified to salvation and of his determination to live for God. God is with us. We fight to win.—R. Jarvis, T. McCann.

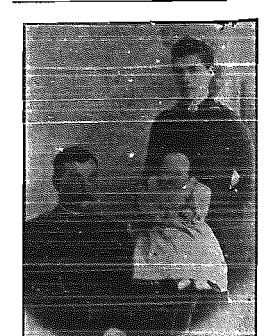
Fort William.—Good meetings and good crowds all week. Two souls for salvation on Sunday. Others under conviction. Soldiers in good fighting spirits. Truly God does never fail a S.

Larimore.—Praise God for victory. One soul in the Fountain at kneedrill. Adjutant Goodwin was with us on Tuesday. Good meeting. Thank God for another soul on Wednesday. Ensign Robert was with us on Thursday and Friday. Thursday night was children's night. A blessed time. Friday night enrolment of two soldiers and commissioning of three local officers. Thanks to God.—T. C. DeHaven.

Calgary.—With feelings of deepest regret we have had to say good-bye to our dear friends, Mrs. and Miss Walker. On the evening of their departure they gave a farewell supper to the corps, which we enjoyed very much, together with the parting words of loving counsel. Closed Sunday with one soul.—Mrs. W. A. McNelly.

Valley City.—We are still fighting and looking ahead to our camp meetings with great interest, the result of which we believe will be many souls crying for mercy.—Yours in the war, Mattie Wick, Sergeant.

Oakes.—Captain Mercer and soul arrived here on Friday. Comrades anxious to size up new officers. Good meetings Sunday. Cod was working with us. The couples for the day were one for the blessing, two Juniors, and one volunteer for salvation. We are believing that these are only the droppings from the showers which are to come.—Yours in the war, Lieutenant Herringshaw.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. O'NEIL and BABY NELL.

Of Esauque, N.D.

The East.

Brigadier Pugmire.]

[Crys, 8, 261.]

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE

Conducts Special Meetings in the New Glasgow District.

On Thursday morning we left St. John, and after a long tedious journey arrived in Westville at 7:45 p.m. Here Captain McLean met us, and escorted us right to the open-air. A large crowd awaited us at the barracks. The Brigadier, though tired and weary from the day's travel, gave a most interesting and specially adapted to the people of Westville, on neglecting their souls' salvation. Ice cream was served at the close, and the financial result of the meeting was good, the Captain being enabled to wipe off the debt.

At the close of the meeting, which was very ill for some months, and almost at death's door, was visited by the Brigadier, whose heart was filled with gratitude at seeing him improving so nicely.

PICTON came next, where Captains Lardner and Brown are bravely fighting with many difficulties, and the former battling with illness, and the latter with God is blessing their labors and giving them victory. Ensign Fraser met the P. here. Tuesday afternoon was spent in rather round the open-air, and he listened attentively. A good meeting inside, the Brigadier enjoying the privilege of sharing in the gladness of the fight with his officers here.

The next day we proceeded to New Glasgow for dinner, where we met Mrs. Brindley Reed, the daughter-in-law of our her way to Cape Breton.

STELLARION. Saturday night we were reinforced by the New Glasgow band. The Brigadier was in good luck, and made a powerful appeal to the unconverted. One held up his hand for prayer. Ice cream at the finish. Lieutenants Bell and Lewellyn are doing well here.

NEW GLASGOW was the battleground for Sunday and Monday, and the meetings right through were much enjoyed by all. God's spirit was very present with us. "Sunday afternoon was equal to two meetings of the ordinary sort," said one of the comrades. At night conviction was plainly visible all over the hall. The Brigadier, with much power and liberty, spoke from the five little words. "And David's place was empty." A number of hands were raised signifying a desire for salvation, and one yielded to the spirit's strivings. Captain Hayman, who is resting at Stellarton, and Lieutenant Brown, on furlough from the States, were present.

Monday afternoon all the officers of the District were in, also Captain McDonald, from Westville, and the Brigadier led a council excellent, he said, by none he has held, considering the unity and spirit of the officers. Lieutenant Bell was promoted Captain.

Monday night we had a fair crowd and a beautiful meeting, with music and song, and another of the Brigadier's pointed, practical talks.

And as we write we are steaming ahead to P. H. Q., the Brigadier having left his officers and soldiers of the New Glasgow District, pleased with what he saw and heard, and they in turn much delighted with their beloved Provincial Officer's visit.—Red Riding Hood.

MAJOR COLLIER AT MONCTON.

I have just visited Moncton for the first meeting since coming to the Province. Ensign Edwards, the worthy D. O., has been very sick for the past two weeks, but is able to be out again. We had our first meeting on Saturday night at the tent and had a very good time indeed. Sunday morning knee-drill at the barracks. The Lord was with us, and the holiness meeting in the tent was a time of refreshing, and I think all got blessed.

Just as we started for the open-air in the afternoon the rain came on and we had to cut the open-air short and hasten back to the tent. It poured rain but the good name of the tent was not any affected. One sought the Lord with much weeping and as she rose to testify many others wept with her. May she be true. At night in spite of continued rain, the tent was packed and we had a most beautiful time with two men for salvation at the close of which both seemed genuine cures and sought the Lord in tears. One had been a soldier before and the other said that for thirty years he had been a backslider and wandered from God. We all finished up happy and determined to conquer. God bless the Moncton braves and give them a good summer in the tent.—L. Collier.

Freeport, N. S.—We have just had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Graham,

which we all enjoyed very much. On Monday night she gave her French experience. The barracks was filled with a good, attentive crowd and they were all well pleased with the meeting. We believe much good was done, although no one would yield themselves to God.—Captain Moores and Lieutenant MacPherson.

Amherst.—We are still marching along in the strength of Jehovah. After a few weeks' hard fighting the enemy has been forced to yield four of his prisoners and they have become servants of the King of Kings.—Bila and Florrie.

Windsor, N. S.—Sunday a day of victory. Three stepped out on the promise of God and claimed pardon through the blood. Ensign Perry with us on Monday night; good meeting.—H. W., Regular Correspondent.

Kentville, N. S.—Fighting under great disadvantages. Lieutenant on sick list, Captain unable to leave her. Soldiers rallied round Sergeant-Major for week-end meetings. God came, and we were blessed.—A. Jess, Corps Correspondent.

Central Ontario
Northern Section.
Staff-Captain Minnick.] [Crys, 8, 262.]

Chesley.—Praise God for victory. We had a visit from Ensign Andrews. Good time. People were pleased with the service. On Saturday night two more souls sought and found the Saviour. To God be all the glory.—Captain Mitchell.

A Part of the Nelson, B. C., Corps, and Officers, with the Officers of the Rossland and Kelso Corps, in Westown District.



"Nelson is all right, and we have a proper Army Corps here."—J. M. Milner, Adjutant.

In front row, reading from right to left:—Captain Gooding, Adjutant Milner, Captain Wilde, Lieutenant Noble, Captain Burton, Lieutenant Myers.

Central Ontario
Northern Section.
Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 8, 226.]

Oshawa.—Devil defeated again. One backslider returned to his God. Praise the Lord. Good crowds in open-air. God bless our faithful officers.—Fighting for Jesus. Eunie Robinson, Correspondent.

Social Farm.—Sunday night Sergeant-Major Edwards spoke of Noah, his faith and obedience, and God spoke to one soul who obeyed the call and was blessed. May God keep her faithful.—Chas. C. Goods.

Dundas.—Saturday evening good open-air meeting. One man who was so under conviction we thought we would visit him Sunday morning. We did so, and although trembling beneath his load he did not yield. Splendid time at night. Good crowd listened eagerly to the truth as it was given, and one man volunteered out and got through beautifully, gave up his tobacco with the rest of it, and is going to be a soldier. 511er I, I've with each other and with their officers. Lieutenant has developed into a proper soldier.—Treasurer Freeman, Lippincott.

Yorkville corps and the Farm Colony comrades united, for the opening of Eslington outpost. Captain Rowe and Lieutenant Peacock were in command, assisted by the Farm officers. Rousing open-air prepared the way for an old-time inside meeting. Interest keen, and \$1 collection. The following Monday Mrs. Colonel Jacobs led the attack. Splendid meeting. Cartridges and collection \$2.15, and one soul seeking salvation. Prospects for the future O K.

West Ontario.
Major Southall.] [Crys, 8, 232.]

Lakelaw.—Past week two for salvation and one for holiness. In God we trust.—Fred Burton, Captain, Fred Gatzke, Lieutenant.

St. Thomas.—We had an ice cream social on Monday evening, which was a decided success. Took in about \$10. All War Crys sold. Everything looking up.—H. Freeman, Captain.

Paris.—This week finds us still fighting and determined to conquer. Good meetings yesterday. Soldiers all determined to fight the devil and sin. Just welcomed Lieutenant Baird. War Crys sold out.—J. A. B.

Tilsonburg.—Splendid time on Sunday. Ensign Dean and her assistant in command of the meetings. Two souls knelt at Jesus feet. Barracks picked to doors. Expectation high for a big revival here.—L. G. P.

One of our stands is near the ferry and hundreds of strangers are reached, as well as people belonging to the city. Two meetings are held in the open-air every Saturday night.—Adjutant Taylor.

Clinton.—Every Thursday night we hold our meeting exclusively in the open-air. Our brave little band can be heard playing their sanctified music and warning people of the terrible power of sin. Two souls sought and found God on Saturday night. One on Sunday. We are in for victory.—R. H. K., Captain.

NOTICE!
Any Salvation Army officers passing Hat Fortage that are weary and would like a cup of tea, let Captain Wilkins know you are coming and he will see that you get one. He may be passing here some day when you are stationed here and he would like one. Now, don't be afraid to let him know.

The Pacific.
British Columbia District.

A lengthy despatch to hand from Adjutant Ayre, tell of a recent visit to Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster, very successful meetings being

Hempeler.—Since last report God has been giving us victory. Three sin-burdened souls found rest in Christ. Major Southall led on the forces here on Sunday. Meetings well attended.—W. H., for Captain Barker.

Wellenbourg.—Praise God for the victory, since coming here eight have sought the blessing of a clean heart, and three backsliders have returned to the fold. Hallelujah. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and our motto is, "No retreat."—Yours fighting for Jesus, M. Gibson, Captain.

Ridgetown.—Great ice cream social. D. O. Hughes, Ensign Raynor and Lieutenant Carr, also Benheim brass band, also Dr. and Mrs. Logan. Big jubilee. Everybody delighted. Want to know when the next one comes off? Well, we are hurrying on. More to follow.—Captain and Mrs. McLeod.

Windsor.—Salvation breezes still blowing. Open-air good and listened to nightly by hundreds. "Do pray for me." A well-dressed woman, who touched Mrs. Adjutant Taylor's arm and disappeared in the crowd, "I'm afraid I'm a lost soul." Not long ago a young man committed suicide in the hotel near our open-air stand, leaving a touching letter for his mother pleading to be forgotten.

held at each place. At the latter the Adjutant conducted a wedding. The names of the happy couple are not mentioned. At Vancouver there was another wedding, performed on the quiet, the name of the unostentatious bridegroom being Brother Terryberry. Speaking of the war in his part of the battle, the Adjutant says, "On the whole the District is going ahead. Some Candidates are going into the Field. Twenty-four forward last month. A few have been enrolled. All publications sold out and paid for. Corps clear of debt except Nanaimo. We had a man forward last night who had almost made up his mind to commit suicide during the day."

—The value of War Cry selling by a method which organizes all the forces of the corps available was well illustrated by a remark of Sergeant-Major Seeds, of the Trade Department, who said recently, "Our last Self-Denial was the best Revival ever did. The reason of it was that the friends were solid, and that condition was brought about by the War Cry, which always makes friends for the Army, and by the constant touch of the people maintained by the corps officers and War Cry Brigade in the distribution of the War Cry each week.

Hargrave and His Braves at the Top.

A Feet Worthy of Emulation—Many Hands Make Light Work—Southall & Glace Second—Bennett Completes the Trio.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS—HUSTLERS, 222; SALES, \$ 846.

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 14. — Sales, 1,587.

Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	108
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	106
Sergt. Fox, Bowmanville	104
Mrs. Caplin Jones, Brampton	54
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	50
Brother Young, Temple	50
Ensign Cameron, St. Catharines	42
Capt. Stoltiker, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	41
S-M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	40
Sister A. Coppin, St. Thomas	39
S-M. Bowber, Lisgar	35
Sister Owen, Temple	25
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	30
Ensign Cameron, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	30
Sister Correll, Temple	30
Capt. Wm. Jones, Brampton	29
Cadet Craig, Lippincott	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Mrs. Gika, Yorkville	25
Sergt. May Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Sergt. Minnie Stickle, Lisgar	25
Cadet Stickle, Lippincott	25
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	24
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt (av. 3 wks)	24
Chas. C. Gooda, Seeley Farm	24
Cadet Heister, Lippincott	24
Cadet Tracey, Lippincott	24
Lieut. Stevens, Oakville	23
Cadet Howarth, Lippincott	23
Sergt. Smith, St. Catharines	23
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton	22
Lieut. McLennan, Oakville	21
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	21
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Cane, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. White Hamilton I.	20
Cand. Comp. Temple	20
Sister Bolton, Temple	20
Sister Ida Murdoch, Lisgar	20
Capt. Hart, Lisgar	20
Sister Brass, Hamilton I.	19
Cadet Huskinson, Lippincott	18
Cadet Puckle, Lippincott	17
Sergt. Carwardine, Riverside	15
S-M. Powers, Bowmanville	15
Lieut. Jackson, Dovercourt	15
Sister Locke, Temple	15
Bro. Bonnett, Lisgar	15
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	15

WEST ONTARIO

Hustlers, 51. — Sales, 2,440.

Capt. Hellman, London	270
S-M. Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	210
Lieut. Honny, Brantford	190
Lieut. Ottaway, Petrolia	106
Lieut. Pyfe, Windsor	90
Ensign Collett, Stratford	87
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	85
Adjt. Coombs, London	85
S-M. Mrs. Rook, Chatham	82
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	78
Lieut. Burrows, Barrie	70
Capt. Mathers, Barrie	65
Capt. Halcy, Stratford	60
Sergt. Gerie Yeomans, Chatham	57
Sister M. Allen, Mitchell	53
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	50
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	45
S-M. Cook, Clinton	41
Mrs. Scott, Quebec	40
Lieut. Lidgion, London	40
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	37
Sergt. Grace Craft, Chatham	31
Sister Ritchie, Larkwood	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	30
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	20
Capt. Coe, Petrolia	9

Sister McQueen, Windsor	39
Lieut. Baird, Paris	30
Sister Lindsay, Paris	29
Mrs. Adj. Taylor, Windsor	25
Capt. Burton, Larkwood	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	25
Capt. Taylor, Tilsonburg	25
Capt. Fynn, Tilsonburg	15
Sister Martin, St. Thomas	24
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	24
Lieut. Gatzke, Larkwood	23
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	22
Sister A. Coppin, St. Thomas	22
Mrs. Reynolds, Brantford	20

Capt. Brindley, Renfrew	30
Ensign Burrows, Brockville	29
Capt. Reid, Coaticook	25
Lieut. Larmour, Coaticook	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Sister Ritchie, Montreal II.	25
Sister Mrs. Johnston, Brockville	25
Cand. Kook, Montreal II.	24
Sister Mary White, Brockville	20
Sister Mrs. Fulford, Brockville	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Bro. W. Spooner, Barrie	20
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 25. — Sales, 1,112.

Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	190
Lieut. Martin, St. Stephen (av. 2 wks)	120
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Sydney	90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John II.	55
Capt. Huft, Sussex	53
Sergt. Jessie Irons, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	50
S-M. Morrison, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	50



Mr. Sirion (Butcher) to Capt'n Push-
"cm. of Hustlerville" Say, Captain, how
is it we haven't had any waste paper of
late?"

Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas	29
Sister Bezze, Clinton	18
Cand. Oakes, Petrolia	16
Cand. Hart, Wingham	16
Sister Smelter, Hespeler	15
Sister Bragg, Preston	15
Cand. West, Hespeler	15
Cand. Brown, Hespeler	15
Sister Thomson, Hespeler	15
Sergt. Mrs. Butt, London	16
Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas	15

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 42. — Sales, 2,142.

Ensign Walker, Belleville	129
Lieut. Tuk, Montreal II.	117
Lieut. Dawson, Arnprior	115
Capt. Hearnell, Prescott	102
Capt. Stanforth, St. Albans	101
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	101
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	80
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	70
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall	65
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	61
Capt. Michel, Napane	61
Mrs. Adjutant Blackburn, Cornwall	61
Lieut. Lalimer, Brockville	60
Capt. Stelzer, Houlton	60
Capt. DeWitt, Trenton	57
Lieut. Maggie Brown, Trenton	57
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Ensign Stagers, Arnprior	50
Lieut. McFarlane, Napane	50
Lieut. Owen, Brighton	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	42
Captain McIntyre, Kempsville	42
Lieut. Sparks, Houlton	40
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cobourg	37
Bro. C. Horsey, Barre	37
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal II.	35
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	35
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	35
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	34

NEWFOUNDLAND.

6 Hustlers]	— Sales, 225
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.	69
Sergeant Penny, St. Johns I.	50
Sergeant Ledston, St. John I.	40
Sister Rowe, St. John I.	40
Sister Bailey, St. John I.	30
Sister Raymond, St. John I.	15

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

6 Hustlers] — Sales, 229.

Lieutenant Capper, Barrie	120
Sergeant McKeown, Barrie	13
Captain Charlton, Furry Sound	10
Captain O'Neil, Huntsville	20
Brother Langridge, Huntsville	25
Captain Glasse, Furry Sound	25

THE WELKIN RINGS.

By the way, let a moment—lend me your ears (no Southern Section ears wanted, please). The end is not yet. Hargrave is in for something desperate. Corps are organizing. Publication 2:30—ajutors are being commissioned, and there is an order for an increase in the Cry for his Section. Does this scare you at all, ye worthy leaders of other Provinces?

Until recently F. P. laid the flattering unction to his soul that rather more than the average percentage of the milk of human kindness flowed through his veins. But some hustlers have discovered in the hitherto harmless F. P. a hardness, till now unknown. But there, that may be accounted for by the material with which his point is tipped—iridium being one of the hardest substances known.

THE FOUNTAIN RUNNETH DRY.

The pen is filled again, and resumeth its scribblings.

The one word which forms the key to the whole War Cry problem is ORGANIZATION! Whether the number taken be fifty or five, hundred or ten, and be desired is not the carrying of the whole burden by the Officers, alone, but a distribution of the Cry amongst a number of the comrades, many or few, according to the number in the corps. There may possibly be a corps here and there where organization on this line would prove a difficult matter, but we are inclined to think such the exception and not the rule.

We would be glad to hear from officers throughout the Territory on this subject, from the standpoint of practical experience on this line.

THE CRY WAS EVER MEANT TO PROVE A BLESSING TO ALL, AND A GHOST—A BURDEN TO NONE.

Two texts from the Old Book come forcibly to F. P.'s mind—"Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. vi. 2), and "Every man shall bear his own burden" (Gen. vi. 5).

The question of the responsibility pertaining to matters concerning the Kingdom of God, as well as the writer confesses, to be placed on the shoulders, and carried on the heart of the Officers alone!

Have we taken the name of Christ upon us? Then a share of the burden of His Kingdom is intrusted to us. This accepted, we "bear one another's burdens," and thus we "each bear our own burden."

Say, reader, are you helping to carry your Captain's burden by carrying your own? F. P. would be glad to know through the hustlers column.

A post card lies before F. P. as he writes up his notes, the writer confesses, his wrong-doing by not sending his totals in weekly, thus bringing sorrow upon the head of this worthy F. P. If all were so quiet this week of a like wrong in the Eastern Province were to send cards expressing the same sentiments, what a number there would be! May our readers, do you feel very comfortable writing the heroic Pugmire's name so low down on the Roll of Honor. Thinkst thou that is the place? Oh, no! As he wrote "Never again will I, F. P., have your totals, and let him have them regularly.

Congratulations to all hustlers whose names grace our lengthy list this week. May our numbers increase. Let us determine that by the blessing and help of God we shall spare no efforts during the summer months to bring the claims of Jesus before the people, doing ALL whether it be singing, speaking, praying, or hustling the Cry. In His name and for His glory.

Yours affectionately,

FOUNTAIN PEN.



CAPTAIN BOOTS.
Of Billings, Mont., a noted Pacific Hustler.

A Very Good Set of Songs for Salvation Fighting.

Tune.—Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge.

1 Blot, oh, blot out my transgressions!
Guilt Thou not my soul restore?
Now I come in true contrition.
Lift me up to fall no more.
Oh, restore me!
Lift me up to fall no more!

All is dark when Thou dost leave me,
Not a single star remains;
Black despair then overwhelms me,
And I groan in sin's dark chains.
Oh, restore me!
Lift me up to fall no more!

Ah! so often I have grieved Thee.
Disobeyed Thy Spirit's voice,
Shrunk from suffering and betrayed Thee,
Mised my road by selfish choice.
Oh, restore me!
Lift me up to fall no more!

Why should I so shrink and tremble
When reproach I'm called to share?
Ah! how little I resemble
Him who blame and scorn did bear!
Oh, restore me!
Lift me up to fall no more!

To Thy cross nail my affections,
Fix, oh, fix this changing heart!
Henceforth may I, strictly follow,
Nothing seek from Thee apart.
Oh, restore me!
Lift me up to fall no more!

The Marchale.

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city, (S.M., 11, 62).

2 A wanderer in a far country,
From home I had wandered away,
I came to myself, then to Father—
There was music and dancing that day.

Chorus.

He heard me, He heard me!
He heard me when I cried!
He answered, He answered!
With pardon He replied.

I wanted to know sins forgiven,
I prayed Him to pardon the past,
He answered and filled me with heaven,
I felt He had saved me at last.

Oh, blessed, thrice blessed salvation,
Thy riches and treasures are mine!
I'm singing amidst tribulations,
And fighting for souls all the time.
Colonel Lawley.

Chorus.

Tune.—So early in the morning.

3 As in this war I take my stand,
To live salvation through the land,
I'm compassed round on every hand
By foes who light and truth withstand.

Chorus.

I hit the nearest devil!
I hit the nearest devil!
I hit the nearest devil!
That's what I always do!

When'er the Lord sends me a gal,
In matters big, matters small,
The devil's sure to summons all
His lips to block me like a wall!

Then, when the nearest one I smite,
I lay it on with all my might;
This gives me vict'ry in the fight,
As one by one they take to flight!

So in the fight I forward go,
And though my pace is often slow,
By God's own power I always know
I'm sure to conquer every foe!

Chorus.

REPENT, BELIEVE, BE BORN AGAIN.

Tune.—Marching through Georgia (B.J. 2).

4 There are some selfish people who
Would like to own the earth,
But they are to be pitied, for they
Have been so from birth,
And all they need to put them right is to
Get the second birth.

And start for the pearly gates of glory.

Chorus:

Repent, repent, and you shall be forgiven!
Repent, repent, this is the way to heaven!
Repent, believe, be born again, is God's
eternal plan

To enter the pearly gates of glory.

We see the gambler as he sets his traps
To catch the fool,
His early teaching quite forgets, also the
golden rule;

But other games he'll have to learn in
quite a different school
To enter the pearly gates of glory.

We see the drunkard cursed by drink,
The rich, the poor as well,
Who blindly stagger on the brink of end-
less drunkard's hell:
Go tell those souls of Jesus' love and
how He waits to lead
Their steps to the pearly gates of glory.

We see the giddy butterflies of fashion
all around,
Who live to dress their bodies which will
soon be underground,
And at the Judgment Seat of Christ in
rage they will be found
And shut out of the pearly gates of
glory.

Staff-Captain J. C. Ludgate.

Tune.—Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus.

5 With all our sin
Plunge into the Fountain, it will
cleanse you within;
'Twas for you He suffered, on the cross
was crucified,
Sinner, will you serve Him? It was for
you He died.

Chorus.

Sinner, sinner, hear the Saviour calling!
"Come unto Me, trust in Me, I will set
you free!"
Sinner, sinner, hear the Saviour calling!
"Trust in Me, your Saviour, I will set
you free!"

He will forgive you though your sins
rise mountain high
On the cross of Calvary for you He did
die;
Come to Him confessing, He will gladly
you forgive,
Come to Him repenting and He'll bid
you live.

Trusting in the Saviour, making Him
your all in all,
Following in His footsteps you will never,
never fall;
Battling in this warfare 'gainst the
powers of death and sin,
Fighting for Jehovah we are bound to
win.

Hebrew.

Tune.—There is a better world they say
(L.J. 11); We're traveling home.

6 You've drifted far on pleasure's sea,
Far from God, far from God, far
from God,
Though oft His voice has spoke to thee,
Full of love, full of love, full of love.
For years your soul has drifted round,
And naught but pain and sorrow found;
Turn now to Christ, He'll be your Friend,
Precious Friend, loving Friend, precious
Friend.

Those sins of years have made your life
Dark and drear, dark and drear, dark
and drear,
And oft your heart is filled with strife,
Doubt and fear, doubt and fear, doubt
and fear.

Why will you longer stay away,
And wander on in sin's dark way;
Oh come, oh come to Christ to-day,
He will save, He will save, He will save.

Oh, see Him hanging on the tree,
Wondrous love, wondrous love, won-
drous love,
His life's blood flowing down so free,
Wondrous love, wondrous love, won-
drous love.

Sinner, He cries aloud to thee,
"Turn from your sins and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come away, come away, come away."
H. Liston, Lieutenant.



MRS. GEYSER.

Grace-Before-Meat Agent at Living-
ston, Mont. Adjutant Hay, the G. B. M.
Provincial Agent for the Pacific Pro-
vince, sends the above photograph with
the announcement that Mrs. Geyser
collected \$8 last quarter.

Trade Department

Our Black Mohair...

SUMMER COATS

Made to order at \$3.50

They are splendid value, light and durable, will
not fade. We guarantee satisfaction. Ask
your Provincial Officer for Samples.

No. 130 is an excellent...

INDIGO DYE SERGE

... and just the thing for
Summer. \$12.50 will buy a SUIT MADE TO
YOUR ORDER, and guaranteed to please.

We have never offered a better value for the money.

Have you seen the Half-tone?

PHOTO-ENGRAVING

OF THE COMMISSIONER

They look well, framed, and will be a decoration for
your home. They sell at...

25 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.

You should have one.

We have still left some of the

LARGE COLORED LITHOS

OF

OUR GENERAL

Splendid for decorating your Barracks and J.S.
Halls. They go at

35 CENTS, POSTPAID.

A few Testimonies by the Way:

A Band Suit

Elicited "I am very well
pleased."

A Jacket

"It fits beautifully. Somebody
thinks it 'lovely.'"

A Staff Suit

"I am very much pleased."

A Tunic

"Fits to perfection."

Overcoat

"Fits me very good."

Pants

"Perfect fit. Well satisfied."

Dress Goods

"I am delighted."

Tea

"Best ever had." (Supplied to
a lodge festival.)

Goods

"Patron well pleased. Every-
body satisfied" (This was
for a wedding.)

Bonnet

"Perfect satisfaction"

Printing

"Am delighted. Very neat
and clean."

Watch

"Filled my heart with joy."

"War Cry"

"Cannot get along very well
without it."

"The Officer"

"Have been without 'The
Officer for a year and am
hungry for it.'"

"The Local Officer"

"A good thing."

Enquiries will be cheerfully satisfied by all Provincial
Officers and

THE TRADE SECRETARY,
TORONTO, ONT.

Saved by Grace. "OUT OF ALL THIS TROUBLE!"

Or, The Ten Coffins.

The Remarkable Story of Color-Sergeant Joe Chapman, of Winnipeg.

By BRIGADIER W. H. HARDING, Editor of the Social Gazette.

"THAT'S WHAT SALVATION HAS DONE FOR ME!"

THESE words were spoken by Color Sergeant Joe Chapman, of the Winnipeg corps, and were spoken in such a manner, and with such emphasis as to leave no doubt in the hearers' mind, that Joe was perfectly satisfied with his salvation, and with what God had done for him. I had called at Joe's workshop for the purpose of hearing some of his experiences, and the following is a sketch of what he told me.



COLOR SERGEANT JOE CHAPMAN, Winnipeg.

"I was born at Stockton-on-Tees, England, in the year 1867. At the age of 10 years I enlisted in the militia and served three years, and by the end of that time I had become so addicted to drinking and other bad habits, that I thought I had better strike for another country and try to reform. I believe

I Should Have Been Hanged

long ago if I had stayed in the Old Country. I started for Canada in the Spring of 1875, and although I had determined to reform and turn over a new leaf, I started drinking on the ship as soon as the bar was open, and drank like a fish all the way across the Atlantic. I have sworn off hundreds of times since then, only to go back each time, and to be as bad or worse than ever. On arriving at Quebec I stepped on a gangway to go ashore, and I tumbled into Canada, and I was tumbling and rolling from place to place for seventeen years. I got into lots of fights through drink. I visited all the chief cities of Canada and the States

Vainly Looking for Satisfaction.

I tried railroad, lumbering, pork-packing, and almost everything that was ready to take my part. Numerous other men of the upper hand of me. I could always earn lots of money. My brother George and I once put a spark-gun on a mill race, and got \$2 for less than an hour's work; the job was a dangerous one and on that account we got extra pay. I may say the \$2 went after all the money I earned in those days—in whiskey. I was so often under the influence of liquor and in such questionable company that

It is a Wonder I am Alive To-day.

One time when I was drunk I fought with a sailor, and punished him so that he was laid aside for a week. The local police said I ought to have killed him. He was the bully of the town. On another occasion my brother and I were drinking in a law saloon in the Italian quarters in Chicago, and ran foul of an Italian who drew a knife, and threatened me, but thought better of it when he saw my brother George with a billiard cue ready to take my part. Next morning quarrels I have been in, and should have been taken in lots of times had I had my dews, but although I was such a drunkard and such a tough I was never in jail. If I did anyone any injury while drinking I was always sorry for it after and would always feel bad about it. Time and time again I went home with my face covered with blood, and caused my people endless trouble by my fighting and drinking habits, and the Lord only knows where it would all have ended if I had not come to Winnipeg. I tell you that before I came to Winni-

"Shall I ever get out of all this trouble?" was the sighing utterance of a poor mother, with a family of nine children to support, and her husband dying in an infirmary ward."

Evening Paper.

Next day but one, mother and children were all burnt to death!

NINE to keep, and an empty purse—

Nine little mouths to find in bread;

Nine to clothe, and dress, and nurse,

Let alone me that is seldom fed.

You that are great and well-to-do,

Oh, you that have plenty—and gold to spare,

You may sit in your silks in your quiet pew,

And yet find cloth for limbs that are bare!

It's the round, and the round, and the round

afresh,

The day after day of the pull and the strike,

The tugging the rope that grinds the flesh,

The effort and strain of the daily life.

Or if there were only one or two,

Or if poor Jim did a day now and then,

Or if there was work that a woman could do

(They don't want us, don't the workin'-

men.)

The day looms grey, and the children sleep,

And dull mists creep in a dingy cloud;

They wrap us around, as eager to keep

The prey that belongs to the grave and shroud.

Not oh the life that the summers live!

And oh to wait for your halcyon to wake

To cry for their food—when there's none to give!

Oh, woman, that makes the sad heart ache!

Tight, cover tight, and drag the old rags close

around.

Little Jim's stir, and the morning air is

chill;

Ough, cough, and cough—the doctor's stuff is

sew well,

But it's "Give him chicken broth," and

it's "Feed him with a wi'l,"

While my poor old heart is breaking and I'm

too far gone for tears,

For you cannot drive the body much you

And the jelly run's all yabber—

Alas! there NO way out from trouble?

But we'll fry our last dry slice o' bread, so

where's the old, old pan?

The sloppy day crawls on apace,

But be these a mile of the commonest food,

The empty cupboard reveal no trace,

We must swallow, in peace, our hungry

mood.

The matchbox makers must plod and plod—

Pasting and fold, and folding and paste,

And the profits—oh, count the profits, my

God!

And of precious human life the waste

Tuppence-farthing for twelve times twelve

Of yellow bones, counted true—

A nugget of truth for those who delve

To know why the poorest stew

peg I had never been inside a church for

seventeen years. I had no use for them.

I saw so much hypocrisy amongst men

who went to church on Sundays and were

as crooked as the devil could make them

on week days, that I had no use for religion

until I came to the Army. I saw

something about the Salvationists which

was different to anything I had ever

seen before, something genuine that took

my fancy. I didn't have to go to the

Army meetings twelve months before

the Lord convinced me I was a sinner,

and when I came to the penitent form

they asked me if I was willing to give

up whiskey and tobacco. I said

I was willing to give up Anything

if the Lord would only save me. It was

on the 24th of September, 1892, that I

got saved.

"I came to Jesus as I was,

Worn, weary, and sad,

I found in Him a resting place,

And He has made me glad."

And, glory to God, I have been glad ever

since. I have no more use for whiskey

And fret in eternal rebel mind,

Kicking the pricks and dragging the trace

—Oh, some have the fruit and some the rind,

And its gutter-folk need all the greater grace.

How shall I ever get out of all this—

Where's there a nearish cut to God?

Shot away out to Him, is a kiss

The welcome, or is it the angry rod?

Let me fall in the hands of Christ,

I'm tired and weary of ways of men—

For life is a river that's always leed,

And decent folks count one in ten!

How they died, if calmly or not,

When the solemn angel-message came—

Your jury list not, but the dismal cot

Was wrapped in a whirling robe of flame.

The children's bodies were smoked and

charred—

Did their souls receive the Saviour's kiss?

Well, 'tho' on the earth their lives were marred,

That's how they all "got out of this"

So, through the dark she groped for truth,

Think you it was trouble you heard her curse?

Or the wrong, and the sin, and the wicked's

truth?

It were a problem to rehearse

If ever the woman were right in soul,

Argue it out with your next wit

But, being in doubt if she paid her toll,

Why, give her the query's benefit

Nine to keep—but there's food on High,

For the Lord has big stores and His heart

is kind;

Nine to nurse—there's room in the sky,

Spice all that a sceptic ever whined.

But their mother was laden too heavy to bear.

They were weary of earth, poor mile, you

see;

Perchance He spoke through the fire and

smoke,

"Suffer them all to come to Me."

Down to the grave! Oh, give them modest

burial;

Count coffins ten, as the tramp of marching

goes;

Tread softly tread, oh, take the path with

downcast eyes,

For surely men have cause to weep a sister's

lifelong fast,

And her daily deadly struggle for her chil-

ren's little lives,

And the ceaseless round of life that dulls the

brain.

Pray God her portion double,

Now she's "out of all her trouble."

Good-bye, sexton, at the graveyard gate—till

we call on you again.

or tobacco. God took all desire for that

and everything else that was bad, out of

my heart when He saved me. Glory to

God. He took all the crooks and twists

out of me, and to-day I can walk every-

body straight in the face, because I have

got

A Salvation that Satisfies,

and that helps me to live a life pleasing

to God.

That's what salvation has done for me,

and, glory to God, I feel that if He was

to call me off the face of the earth at

any moment I should have an abundant

entrance into the Kingdom. What He has

done for me, He is able to do for every-

one who will come and accept Him."

Note.—I cannot say definitely, but I am

strongly under the impression that Joe

is one of the old and original members

of Sheen's army. I have had the opportunity

of observing Joe as a Salvationist

for some nine months, and have often

been greatly blessed and encouraged by

hearing him testify. He was commis-

sioned Color-Sergeant to the Winnipeg

corps in January last, and is always at his post no matter how inclement the weather, and by his steady example is a great blessing to the corps. May God keep him and make him the means of bringing many precious souls to the same Saviour he has found. J. F. H.

GATHERED GEMS

COMPARE THE JOYS OF VERITY WITH THOSE OF VANITY.

TROUBLES COME ALIKE TO ALL BUT ALL ARE NOT ALIKE TROUBLED.

PRaise THAT SPRINGS FROM LIVING OPERATIVE FAITH IN JESUS—CROWNS HIM.

THE PLACE OF UNSUPPORTED FAITH IS THE PLACE OF BOUNDLESS WEALTH.

LET US NOT DOUBLE THE ANXIETIES OF TO-DAY BY ADDING THOSE OF TO-MORROW.

THE PROMISES OF GOD ARE LIKE SPRINGS AND RIVERS LEADING TO THE GREAT OCEAN—GOD.

OUR DISCERNMENT OF GUIDANCE DEPENDS ON THE MEASURE IN WHICH WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

THERE ARE MANY SWEET FLOWERS GROWING ALONG THE PATH THROUGH THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

HOW MANY BY THEIR HASTE TO TEACH BEFORE THEY KNOW. LOSE THE DIVINE ART OF LEARNING ANY MORE.

THE SELF-WILL MUST FALL INTO THE WILL OF GOD AS A RAINDROP OR SNOWFLAKE INTO THE SEA AND BECOME A PART OF IT.

ON THE STRONG ROCK OF PERPETUAL IDENTITY OF THE DIVINE WILL, AND NOT ON THE UNCERTAIN QUICKSANDS OF A CHANGEABLE WILL, THE HOLY MAN RESTS HIS HEAD IN PEACE.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER IS SWEET—IT PROCURES FROM THE OCEAN OF PURE LOVE—MERCY GIVES ACCESS TO IT—IT KNOWS NO BOUNDS—UNDER THIS SENSE WE SHOULD SALUTE ALL OUR FRIENDS.

STOKES BETTER THAN BEER.

A drink highly recommended by many working men in the Old Country, especially when engaged in extraordinary labor, such as at harvest time, is made as follows:

Put from four to six ounces of fresh oatmeal, ground as fine as flour, into a pan, mix with a little cold water to the substance of crumb, and add five or six ounces of low curd and a fresh lemon cut in thin slices, with the pits taken out; add a gallon of boiling water; stir thoroughly while the water is boiling. Use hot, warm or cold. The lemon may be omitted, or any other flavoring used instead.

If you make "Stokes" drop the Editor a post card saying whether it is really as good as represented.

—OLD OCEAN BONES may get up in meetings and try to draw comfort from the company by drawing out a long rambling tale with his great trials, tribulations, temptations, etc., but the stiffness out of his joints, put a song into his mouth and make him forget the rheumatics of his past, is to direct him into the Kingdom. What He has done for me, He is able to do for every-one who will come and accept Him."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, 8, A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.